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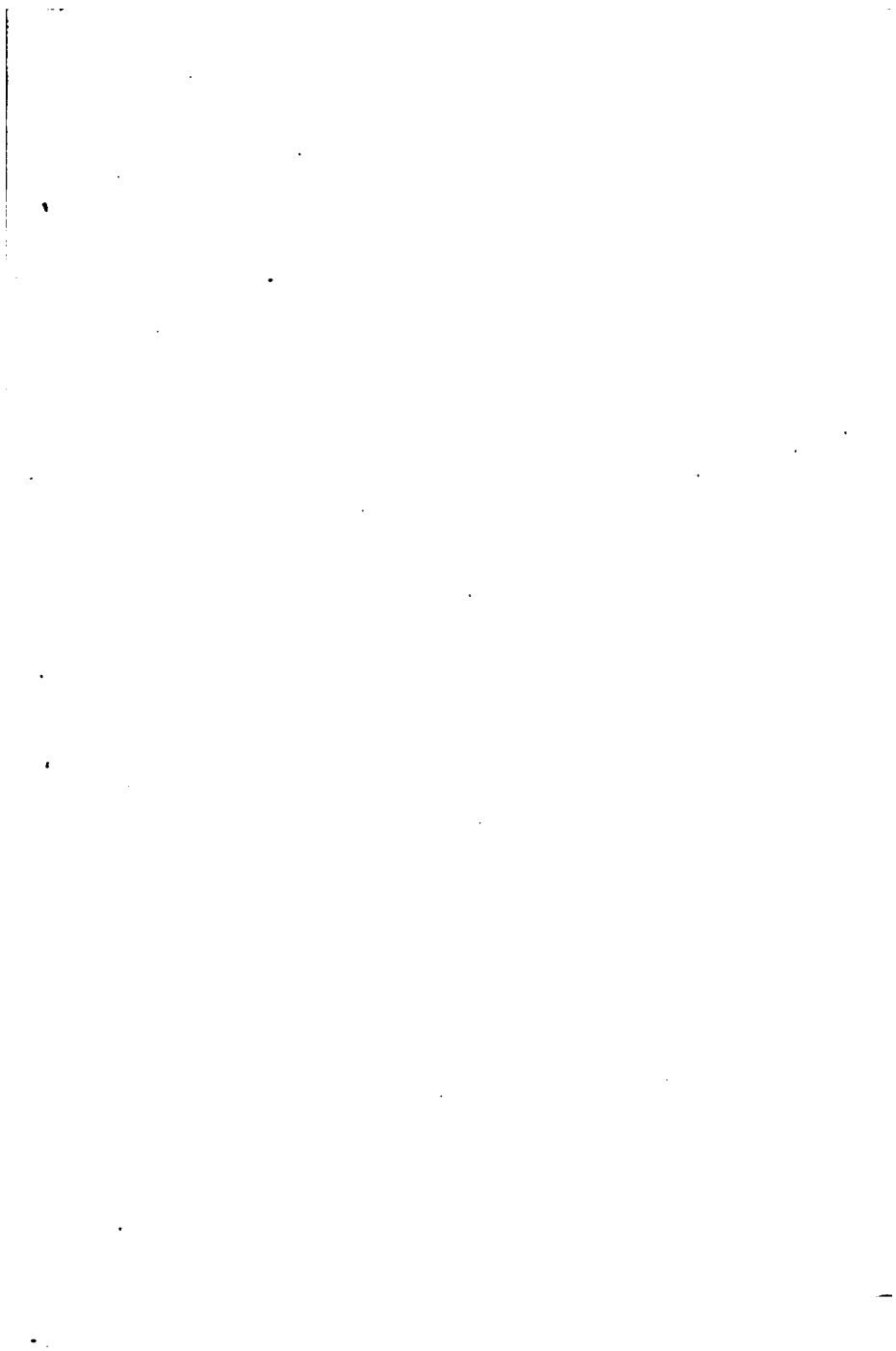
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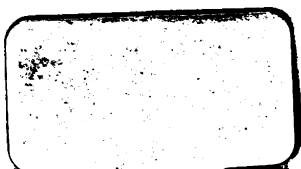
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ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES

BY

W. RUSSELL, LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR DEVINE	1
SIR ANDREW SELLWOOD, KNIGHT	79
BEAU BRUMMELL	85
LADY HESTER STANHOPE	105
BEAU NASH	116
SIR GERALD MASSEY, KNIGHT	129
MARGARET FULLER	144
THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH	165
SIR SAMUEL SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW	186
AMAZON SNELL	222
CAPTAIN MOWBRAY	239
DANIEL DE FOE	255
THE HONOURABLE JOHN LOFTUS	277



ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES.

Monsieur le Docteur Devine.

IN the street of Saint Jacques, Havre de Grâce, Normandy, and nearly opposite the fine church of Nôtre Dame, dwelt Antoine Tricard, a boot and shoe maker in a respectable way of business. He had been twice married; his second wife, "une belle Allemande"—German women of the middle class are rarely beautiful, by the way—had a son by a previous marriage—Eugène Devine. This union took place in 1742, Eugène being then about five years old; a precocious boy, singularly so, he is reported to have been. Remarkably impressionable too; any striking circumstance was indelibly photographed upon his sensitive mind. He was an artist of promise, and might possibly, had not an accident led him to embrace the medical profession, have become an eminent painter. When about twenty years of age,

Madame d'Estrées was condemned to be executed at Rouen for the murder of her husband. M. Tricard went with the young Devine to witness the terrible spectacle. Madame d'Estrées was a young woman of rare beauty, who had married a rich man thrice her own age, under parental compulsion—the family Marin, her maiden name, being at the time, if not absolutely poor, in pressing difficulties. M. Marin was a grocer at Havre de Grâce. The Tricards visited at the grocer's, and Eugène Devine appears to have early conceived a boyish passion for the beautiful girl, who was about two years older than he, knowing at the same time she was attached and affianced to Edouard Cazo, the son of a herbalist established in the Rue de Paris. The wealth of Monsieur d'Estrées, a farmer-general of king's taxes, was too potent an influence to be resisted by the grievously-embarrassed M. Marin; and at his stern command Joséphine Marin was sacrificed in marriage to the rich merchant. In less than two months afterwards, M. d'Estrées was seized with sudden and fatal illness immediately after taking his breakfast; M. Portalis, an eminent physician of Rouen, near which city M. d'Estrées resided, was quickly in attendance, but medical aid was useless. The farmer-

general had been poisoned, and was dying in great agony. He could only ejaculate with much difficulty, and a word or syllable at a time, in answer to M. Portalis, "*Ma femme—ma femme m'a empoisonné—le café—le café.*" (My wife—my wife has poisoned me—the coffee—the coffee)—and died with the last word upon his lips. The wife, who passionately protested her innocence, was immediately arrested and taken to prison. A long inquiry into all the circumstances of the case ensued. The main facts established were, that a subtle tasteless poison had been mixed with the coffee of which M. d'Estrées had partaken—Madame d'Estrées, as was her custom, had previously breakfasted—the coffee was prepared in the kitchen, but of course Madame d'Estrées, who was in the breakfast-room where it was served two or three minutes before her husband came downstairs, and left it immediately he did, which she was also proved to be in the habit of doing, had full opportunity of mixing the poison with the coffee. It was also proved that Edouard Cazo had been seen prowling about near M. d'Estrées' residence for several days previous to that on which M. d'Estrées was murdered. No one had, however, seen him and Madame d'Estrées together. The only person in the farmer-

general's establishment who had been seen with him, and that more than once, was Fanchette Le Blanc, a personal attendant of Madame d'Estrées, whom she had brought with her from Havre de Grâce. Fanchette Le Blanc was a fine-looking, fine-eyed girl, the daughter of a Havre tradesman, who not long before had been reduced in circumstances. Before that, her family had visited upon equal terms those of MM. Marin and Cazo. It also came out that Fanchette Le Blanc and Edouard Cazo had been intimate in a lover sense with each other. It was Fanchette Le Blanc who carried up M. d'Estrées' breakfast. These circumstances were not, however, supposed at the time to have any significance with regard to the guilt or innocence of Madame d'Estrées, except by one person—Eugène Devine. The young man had chanced to save the life of Monsieur Courtrai, a surgeon in excellent practice at Havre de Grâce. Devine had been to Harfleur upon some business for his stepfather, Monsieur Tricard. M. Courtrai was there, in compliance with a pressing message from the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, an ancestor, I suppose, of the present French ambassador at the English court, who in passing through Harfleur had met with an accident, and having no

confidence in the medical skill of the place, sent for M. Courtrai. His difficult professional duty successfully performed, for which service the Prince felt very grateful, M. Courtrai, extremely anxious to get back to Havre, and no decked vessel being for the moment procurable, and it being fine summer weather, embarked in a large open boat, which was loaded with fowls and other provisions for the Havre market. Devine also took passage in the boat. Suddenly, when they were about half way from Harfleur to Havre, a white squall arose. A "white squall" is a furious wind which gives no token of its approach by dark gathering clouds, and the coming on of which can only be discerned by watchful, experienced mariners. It is usually brief as violent. The white squall struck the sails of the boat or barge with such force that it instantly capsized; and the crew, four men, M. Courtrai, and Eugène Devine were of course precipitated into the boiling sea. The crew disappeared at once, and were not seen again. Devine swam like a cork, and was a powerfully-framed young man, though less than sixteen years old. M. Courtrai had been a tolerable swimmer in his youth, but the weight of seventy years pressed him down, and he was sinking when the youth Devine struck

out to his assistance, attracted by the surgeon's cry of mortal agony. He was just in time to clutch the collar of the drowning man's coat. The barge, which, as I have said, had turned over, had already drifted, driven by the fierce wind and strong current, to a considerable distance. By dint of great exertion, however, he contrived to reach it and drag himself and M. Courtrai on to its upturned bottom. Fortunately, the squall was a very brief one: the rapid tide of the channel quickly runs down the heaviest sea when the wind has abated, and there was soon no danger of being washed off the boat, incapable as M. Courtrai was of holding on by his own efforts. After about two hours of anxiety and exposure they were rescued by a fishing-smack, and conveyed in safety to Havre de Grâce.

M. Courtrai felt grateful for the service rendered him by Eugène Devine, and finding moreover that the young man was possessed of singular intelligence, he sent him to the Ecole de Médecine, Paris, where he made such rapid progress as to call forth the highest encomiums of the professors, who predicted for him a brilliant future.

That dazzling prospect was suddenly overcast. A letter from M. Tricard told of the death of M. d'Estrées, the frightful accusation

brought against his widow, her arrest, and the generally entertained opinion that she would be capitally convicted.

The studies pursued by Eugène Devine with so much ardour and success immediately lost all their charm. "I could think," he said, in his minute diary, "only of Joséphine Marin. If I read, her image gleamed from the page; and so morbidly excited did my brain become, that I sat for hours absorbed, horrified by a mentally pictured panorama, in which all the incidents of the terrible affair, past and in all probability to come, passed before me—the death of D'Estrées—the declaration of the dying man—rash, unfounded, I had not the slightest doubt. Did I not know Josephine?—the guileless candour of her nature—the spotless purity of her life? But rash, unfounded, that declaration would not, I felt, be the less fatal to Joséphine. The gloomy mental procession moved on. I saw Joséphine in her dark prison-cell, bowed down, sobbing with agony—her face white as stone, and yet palely lustrous with the light of a conscious innocence. Then passed before me the trial—the scowling audience; I heard the judges pronounce sentence—sentence of death; and at the last dreadful scene of all pictured to my excited imagination, I several times lost my senses—fainted!

“Could I—even I—poor, uninfluential as I was, do nothing for that beautiful unfortunate? I was conscious of possessing an analysing, critical intellect. Might I not by diligent inquiry on the spot discover some clue to the real murderer, who I was sure, positive as of my own life, was *not* Madame d'Estrées? It was quite useless to affect attention to study. My thoughts were far away. I was a favourite with the principal of the college, Dr. Cabanis. I may almost venture to say that, notwithstanding the great disparity of years, I was his friend. I spoke with him about Madame d'Estrées, or by the name my heart knew her—Joséphine Marin. He was the father of *the* Cabanis, friend of Turgot, Mirabeau, and Condorcet, but a man very different from his distinguished son. He had sympathy with sentimentalism, with human weakness; he heard me with patient kindness, but his logical mind remained, I need hardly say, totally unaffected by my passionate assertions of Madame d'Estrées' innocence, grounded solely upon my estimate of her character before her compelled marriage with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and whom she did not affect to esteem, much less to love. The accusing words uttered by the

poisoned man were, I could see, conclusive proof with him of the wife's guilt. Still, pity for me, and the possibility—the very faint possibility that by personal persistent investigation I might be able to elicit some fact or facts which might throw doubt upon the young wife's criminality, induced him to give me three months' leave of absence, and a letter of introduction to M. Portalis, the eminent physician who had attended the *Sieur d'Estrées* in his last moments. MM. Portalis and Cabanis had been fellow-pupils.

“Arrived at Rouen, I waited without delay upon M. Portalis. He could tell me nothing more than I had read in M. Tricard's letter. I inquired the nature of the poison which had been taken by M. d'Estrées. ‘Ha!’ said M. Portalis, ‘that is the circumstance—the nature of the poison—which has caused me to doubt for a moment of the wife's criminality. It is that, well known to the profession as *poudre de succession*. Its sale, its manufacture even, is prohibited under rigorous penalties, and I myself do not know where it could be procured. Like almost all poisons, it is said to be a potent remedy in certain cases.’ ‘I know—I know,’ said I. ‘Only in Paris *could* it be obtained, and there only of

one—perhaps two persons—at a heavy price, and by some one in whom the vendor could repose implicit confidence. How should Madame d'Estrées, a young countrywoman, country girl, have any knowledge of such a deadly drug, much less know of whom to purchase it in Paris, if indeed she has ever been there?' 'The difficulty is obvious,' said M. Portalis; 'but Madame d'Estrées has been to Paris, and made a long stay there with her husband, who in those days supplied her with any amount of money she asked for. Her motive for getting rid of her husband is very clear. He was very jealous of his beautiful young wife—whether for good cause or not I cannot say; bitter quarrels took place, and M. d'Estrées, a man of iron will, told her in the hearing of several persons, that he should completely change the disposition of his wealth—bequeath her only a bare subsistence, whereas he had formally executed, during the first week of the *lune de miel*, a notarial deed which would have entitled her at his death to everything he might die possessed of. Had he told her, which is the fact,' added M. Portalis, 'that he *had* actually destroyed the first deed and executed another in the sense of his threat, *poudre de succession* would not have been mixed with

the unfortunate fermier-général's café. She expected to be deprived of the 'succession'; and being unaware that she had been legally so deprived, resolved to be swift and deadly. She was swift and deadly.' 'Pardon, Monsieur Portalis, and I beg you to excuse the freedom with which so young a man as I presume to address you. My conviction of Madame d'Estrées' innocence is as firm, as unalterable as yours is of her guilt.' 'Parbleu!' replied he, with a half-cynical smile; 'but there is this difference, my young friend, that your conviction has no other foundation than the illusions of boyish sentiment, whilst mine is based upon the inexorable logic of facts.' 'Presumed facts, permit me to observe, monsieur. And there is one point which occurs to me, which seems to deny completely the always improbable supposition that Madame d'Estrées purchased the *poudre de succession*, so called, in Paris. She was with her husband in Paris, you say, during the first part of the honeymoon, when he adored her and had no mistrust of her. Was it at such a time, I would ask, that the newly-wedded wife would devise means, and face terrible risks to obtain them, for destroying the indulgent husband's life at some distant period—a life which in the

course of nature could not long endure?' 'That is plausible, young man, very plausible. Error is often plausible—more frequently so, perhaps, than strict truth. The devil very soon effects a lodgment in the heart, and whispers his suggestions in the brain of a young, beautiful woman who is fettered by the marriage chain to an aged man whom she loathes. But this is vain talk, M. Devine. The fate of Madame d'Estrées will be decided by the Court of Criminal Justice, not guided by your conviction or mine. If, however, there is any real service I can render you in this sad affair, I will willingly do so.' I reflected a few moments, and said quickly, 'Yes, monsieur; I very, very much desire to see Madame d'Estrées. Could you obtain me an order to be admitted to a private interview with her in the prison?' Monsieur le Médecin paused. Such orders were difficult of obtainment. He, however, promised to speak to the magistrate who alone had power to grant such permission, and if I called the next day, he would tell me the result. I thanked M. Portalis, bowed, and withdrew.

"I was so restless, so perturbed, that, contenting myself with a glass of wine and a biscuit for dinner, I took my way to the deceased M.

d'Estrées' domicile. I wished to speak with Mademoiselle Le Blanc, whom I had known in Havre de Grâce.

"As it happened, she was upon the point of leaving the house as I approached it. Our eyes met; she started; a visible terror shook her frame, and her face paled to the hue of marble. What might be the meaning of that? Fanchette Le Blanc re-entered the hall, and sank down half fainting upon a seat. 'How,' said I to Mademoiselle Le Blanc, 'does the sight of an old acquaintance alarm, terrify you?' 'No—no,' she said, recovering herself by a strong effort. 'What folly to suppose such a thing! Seeing you, brought suddenly to mind the dreadful tragedy in which poor Madame d'Estrées is involved. Of course,' she added, with a glimmer in her glowing eyes, which I could but doubtfully interpret—'of course, I long since knew how much you adored—I mean, felt interested in her welfare.' 'You knew the truth, Mademoiselle Le Blanc. Who, indeed, would not feel a profound interest in so charming, so amiable, so pure and innocent a being, and now especially?' The glimmer in the fierce eyes brightened to a vivid flash, and her lip curled with a mocking expression, as she exclaimed,

‘Innocent—innocent! Well, I hope so. But youthful lovers seldom see stains or defects in their idol.’ ‘That is not language, pardon me, mademoiselle, to address to Eugène Devine at such a time. Has M. Edouard Cazo,’ I asked abruptly, ‘seen Madame d’Estrées since her arrest—interested himself for her?’ ‘Oh no!’ was the reply, in as abrupt a tone as mine, whilst her eyes flamed, her cheeks flushed with what bore the expression of exultant scorn,—‘oh no—assuredly not!’ ‘Yet he was seen lurking about the place several days before the catastrophe occurred.’ ‘That is exact,’ said Le Blanc, the hot colour in her cheeks fading again. ‘He did not speak with Madame d’Estrées, I understand?’ ‘I did not see him speak with her.’ ‘He came and spoke with you, Mademoiselle Le Blanc?’ ‘*Eh bien!*—yes. You are very inquisitive, M. Devine,’ retorted the demoiselle, colouring again. ‘Have you any serious question to ask me,’ she added. ‘If not, I must make you my adieu; I have business in Rouen.’ ‘I will not detain you, Mademoiselle Le Blanc. Stay one moment. Edouard Cazo’s father is a skilful—a very skilful herbalist. Do you think it possible that he may know the secret of making the vegetable

poison called *poudre de succession*, and have——’ Before I could finish the sentence, Fanchette Le Blanc, who had risen, fell back into the seat, and fainted outright. There was a caraffe of water on a table in the hall, and I soon restored her to consciousness. Another woman-servant appeared before I could again address her, and both entered the house together.

“ ‘This is all very dark,’ I murmured to myself as I walked towards Rouen. ‘I strongly suspect Fanchette Le Blanc and Edouard Cazo are the poisoners of M. d’Estrées.’ Knowing or believing that the murdered gentleman had disposed of his wealth in favour of his wife, and imagining that he, Cazo, had the same hold of her affections as previous to her marriage, he might have prevailed upon Le Blanc, for a large promised reward, to administer the *poudre de succession*; Le Blanc having probably informed him that no time should be lost. The affair had no doubt been blundered: *poudre de succession* should be administered in such small doses that the victim at first merely feels *malaise*, a sensation of uneasiness, and gradually sinks about the seventh, eighth, or ninth day, according to the strength of his

stamina ; whereas such an overdose had been given that D'Estrées died almost immediately, and in great agony. It might possibly have happened that during the entrance into, or approach of some one to, the room where the operation was going on, all the terrible powder was tipped in at once, in order that it should not be seen in her hands. This, of course, was mere conjecture, but the words and manner of Le Blanc gave it a strong colour of likelihood. Time proved that I had not quite hit upon the truth, but very near to it. I determined, however, and wisely, to give no hint of my suspicions, except to the Avocats whom M. Courtrai and M. Tricard would enable me to engage in defence of the accused. I already knew that Madame d'Estrées was without means of paying Messieurs les Avocats.

"M. Portalis was successful. When I waited upon him on the following day, he placed in my hand a written order to the governor of Rouen jail, to see Madame d'Estrées, accused of the murder of her husband ; the interview to be for half an hour, and private ; and I was warned that the application would not be again acceded to.

"A terrible interview ! My imagination in the panoramic vision I have described had not

deceived me. There she sat in the gloomy cell, bowed down with agony—the shadow of an inexpressible despair on her white, beautiful face, yet illumined or rather arrayed in conscious innocence. Her father had been some months dead; she was an orphan, and believed herself abandoned by God and man. Unhappy Joséphine! She threw herself into my arms with a spasmodic, passionate cry of joy. ‘Help me, Eugène! save—save me from the terrible doom with which they threaten me! I am innocent, Eugène; indeed, indeed I am!’

“A flood of fire—a hurricane of tears and flame swept through me at that agitating moment. I thought I should have fainted—to hold her in my arms, who had been the angel of my boyhood—to hear her express a fearful hope that I might save her, abandoned as she was by the whole world—I, Eugène, which name, speaking to me, had never before passed her lips! It was the supreme moment of my life! When we had sufficiently calmed down, I questioned her tenderly as to all the circumstances connected with the accusation. She could tell me nothing I did not know. She knew nothing, I found, of the peculiar nature of the poison. I needed no

assurance of that. I pointedly mentioned the names of Edouard Cazo and Fanchette Le Blanc—that they had been seen together near M. d'Estrées' house. Joséphine glanced at me with sudden, eager scrutiny, as if my words gave form and colour to some thought, some vague surmise which had arisen in her mind. It was so. 'Eugène,' she said, again Eugène! speaking in a low shaking voice, 'I cannot help thinking that those two persons are guilty of the murder of M. d'Estrées!' Asking her the reasons of her belief that they were the culprits, she could give no other than that such was her impression. That Cazo, whom she as much disliked and despised, and for sufficient reasons, as she had once liked him, had sent her a note requesting a meeting with her. This note was brought to her by Le Blanc. It was immediately torn in pieces before her face, and the girl was told that her master should be made acquainted with her unpardonable insolence in making herself the bearer of such a request to his wife. 'The girl's face darkened as I spoke, and her eyes flamed with rage. I at once gave her notice to quit, but was finally persuaded to promise not to inform M. d'Estrées, at least not for the present, of the criminal indiscretion

she had been guilty of, if she did not repeat it.'

"The precious half-hour had terminated. I was compelled to quit the persecuted, unhappy Joséphine. She was not more unhappy than myself.

"I called once more on M. Portalis to assure him of my conviction of the accused's innocence: as, however, I had no proof, no legal proof, the physician remained firmly incredulous. I mentioned having called at M. d'Estrées' house, and that I had seen Mademoiselle Le Blanc; but I did not allude to what had passed between us. 'A demoiselle of spirit,' said M. Portalis, 'is Le Blanc, and a handsome one too. Poor D'Estrées, a man of extravagant caprices as regards le beau sexe, must have taken a strong fancy to her, for he has left by the instrument which superseded that made in favour of his wife, forty thousand livres *tournois* to Mademoiselle Le Blanc.'

"'Forty thousand livres *tournois* (about eighteen hundred pounds sterling)—forty thousand livres *tournois* to Mademoiselle Le Blanc, which bequest a man so capricious might have at any moment revoked! Ha! light begins to break from the black, lowering clouds. And

Le Blanc knew of this large bequest? 'Possibly; but there is no proof that she did. Such a man as D'Estrées would be likely enough to tell her that he had made her a handsome provision.' 'Certainly he would. And it was Fanchette Le Blanc who served the poisoned coffee. Light breaks, I say again.' 'Error—illusion, young man! you are blinded by sentimental enthusiasm. The possible culpability of Mademoiselle Le Blanc has not escaped the attention of authority. A rigorous inquiry has been instituted, and the report, for various cogent reasons, acquitted her of the slightest complicity with Madame d'Estrées. In fact, Le Blanc and her mistress were on bad terms, Madame d'Estrées having given her peremptory notice to leave her service.' 'It is very well, Monsieur Portalis; but I repeat, light breaks—is hourly becoming brighter, clearer. *Nous verrons*. I start in an hour for Havre, and thanking you for your kindness, I take my leave. I salute you, Monsieur Portalis.'

"M. Tricard and M. Courtrai were quite willing to furnish me with sufficient money to engage an Avoué and two provincially celebrated Avocats to defend Madame d'Estrées; but both were firmly persuaded of her guilt.

Nothing could weaken this conviction—nothing that I could *say*. And this rooted prejudice against Joséphine, if it could not be eradicated, would destroy a hope which I had not ceased to cherish—that in the last resort, when all other hope had vanished, M. Courtrai would invoke the aid of Le Prince de la Tour d’Auvergne, who was all-powerful at court, to at least save the unfortunate lady from the last dread penalty of the law! M. Courtrai would not lift a finger to save a convicted murderess of whose guilt he felt no doubt. That set me thinking: we shall see with what result.

“The trial in the Hall of Justice, Rouen, would not commence in less than two months. In my restless mood of mind, I was constantly going backwards and forwards from Rouen to Havre, from Havre to Rouen. It was something to look upon the prison where Joséphine was confined, to stroll through the grounds where she had often strolled. I was always *romanesque*: eccentric was the word applied to me by the commonplace humdrums of society. That absurdest, vainest of eccentrics, De Genlis, had the impertinence to call me in one of her trashy books *Un drôle de génie*. But *bavardage* is out of place in this page—a dark, terrible one—over which a

mist of blood seems to hang. Whilst haunting the grounds round about the deceased Monsieur d'Estrées' mansion, I frequently amused myself by sketching the most striking scenes. This desultory occupation proved of great after-service.

"I certainly did, whilst *battant le pavé* at Rouen, a very silly thing, which no staid, sensible youth, unless he had been madly in love—and staid, sensible youths never are, according to my experience, madly in love—would have dreamed of doing. I chanced to hear in a café where I was dining that one of the turnkeys of the Rouen prison had been taken suddenly ill, and that some trustworthy person was immediately required to take his place. Hey! presto! I was off in an instant; hurried to a fripier's (second-hand clothes-shop), purchased such apparel as I thought suitable; waited upon the Avoué who was engaged for the defence of Madame d'Estrées, asked him to give me a certificate of respectability and trustworthiness under his own well-known signature. He readily complied. M. Portalis did the same. Of course I did not mention for what purpose I required such documents; but I do not remember—I made no note in my diary—what excuse I made for requiring them. With these

documents in my pocket and suitably attired, I presented myself to the governor of the jail. A turnkey was urgently required. I seemed a suitable person enough, though rather too young. I was engaged, and signed an agreement for one month, during which time I should not be permitted egress from the prison, that being a rigorous stipulation with all the subordinate officials. I was distinctly informed that the sentinels at the gate would no more hesitate to put a ball or a bullet through me, should I attempt to leave the place, than if I were a regular prisoner. I was duly shown to those gentlemen, in order that they might recognise me, and should it be desirable to do so, instantly act upon that knowledge. The motive for this stringent regulation was to prevent any clandestine correspondence being carried on, through the medium of the officials, between the prisoners and their friends outside. Keys duly numbered were given to me, and when the time came to lock up for the night, I should be shown the different cells.

“ ‘How is that?’ said I to a brother official who was instructing me in my duties, and helping to dispose of a flacon of wine, the cost of which, according to usage, I, a new hand, defrayed. ‘How is that, my friend? I always

understood prisoners were confined under lock all day and night.'

" '*Parbleu!* That is correct of prisoners under detention for crime, but not as to debtors. This is the debtor department of the prison. Quite a separate building is that where criminals are confined.'

Good heavens! I was as hot as fire in a moment, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. What an ass I had made of myself!

" 'Well, but the two buildings communicate with each other, I suppose?' said I.

" '*Pas du tout.* Not at all. They are, I tell you, separate buildings. It is impossible to pass from one to the other without first going into the street—quite impossible. To your health, comrade, once more. You don't look well.'

No wonder that I didn't look well. I was completely bouleversé—turned up and down, inside out. What the devil! was I to be shut up in that dismal place, without a chance of seeing or speaking with Madame d'Estrées, for a whole month, unable to communicate with her even through the Avoué (attorney). It was dreadful—desolating—the end of the world! I should go mad! I reflected for a few

moments as well as the hot tumult in my brain permitted.

“ ‘Maître Jean Dubois,’ said I, ‘you are right in saying I don’t look well. It is impossible that I should. I am very ill. The close, dank atmosphere of this place has already produced a terrible effect upon me. Should I remain, it will kill me. I must speak with the governor. It is vexing to be obliged to give up so good—at least, so promising a place; but life, you know, before all!’ ”

“ *Parbleu!* But listen, my friend: whether you live or die here, you must remain till the term for which you have engaged—one month, six months, twelve months—has expired. The doctor will attend you. Certainly, if you die, and Monsieur le Médecin certifies you are really dead, your friends, if they bring a coffin, may have your body. Yes, I think that indulgence is allowed—I am sure of it. And, *mon enfant*, it is well to remember, as you are retained for one month—you said one month? Yes. Well, remember that really means two months. You must give a month’s notice of your desire to throw up the place, before the expiration of the stipulated month, and then, if your services are needed, they won’t let you off. *Mon ami!* ” added the veteran, ‘taking service here is

much like taking service in the army. It is an easy life for a strong active fellow like you, but very, very difficult to get out of. *A ta santé, mon chère.* We'll have another flacon. I could tell you a good story,' continued Dubois, 'of one of us who shammed mortal illness in order to get out. There was a wealthy merchant confined here. He had great transactions—had been arrested unexpectedly, and there were papers in his house that would have gravely compromised him. No letters are allowed to pass out of prison; but all that are sent are received and opened. Well, Joseph Marceau was prevailed upon to assist the merchant out of his alarming difficulty. Marceau feigned, as I have said, dangerous illness, and feigned so well that an order was given to carry him home in a litter. This was done. Marceau saw the merchant's wife, gave her a list of the compromising papers, which were of course immediately destroyed. That done, the merchant had nothing to fear, and was soon afterwards liberated. Marceau, who was very poor before, took the Poisson d'Or tavern in the Rue d'Arc. This raised suspicion; an inquiry took place, and, though the affair was by some means hushed up, enough transpired to cause the issue of an edict that no subordinate prison

official in France should leave until the expiration of the term agreed upon, and notice of a month beyond that. And they do not engage married men; old soldiers are preferred,' &c., &c. The garrulous old man talked and drank on uninterrupted by me. The situation in which I, with the heedlessness of a schoolboy, had placed myself, confounded, appalled me. The thought of being caged in that gloomy dungeon for two months was maddening. Madame d'Estrées would believe I, like the rest of the world, had abandoned her. And there was a considerable sum of money at my lodgings wherewith to pay Messieurs les Avocats, who would certainly not plead for Joséphine if not previously paid. And I could communicate with no one, as I was told, not even M. Portalis. *Sacré-é-é!—nom de—nom de Dieu!* 'Bah!' I reflected, recovering myself, 'this must be an invention of that old farceur Dubois. I will see the governor at once.' I feigned sudden illness, and asked that, if not better in the morning, I might be allowed to go into the town of Rouen for an hour, half-an-hour, to consult a physician who understood the malady which afflicted me. The governor, a grim, good-natured veteran, smiled and said it was simply impossible to comply with the request.

I should have well considered before accepting the post. The prison regulations were, he admitted, absurdly strict; but they could not be relaxed under any circumstances. No communication could be permitted with the outside world by the subordinate custodians of the prisoners. 'Well, Monsieur le Colonel, will you send a note, an open note, to M. Portalis?' No; he dare not do so. 'A verbal message, then?' 'No; it is impossible to know what occult meaning may be conveyed in seemingly the simplest message. There are state prisoners just now in the Rouen jail, and it is important that no possible communication shall be had with them. It is true they are on the criminal side, but Messieurs les Autorités at Paris have, in their ignorance of the building, prescribed the same rules for the custodians of debtors as for men or women accused of crime. That is their affair; mine is to obey the instructions sent to me. There is nothing to be said, young man; no one obliged you to come here. As to your illness, if it be real, you can have no better advice than that of the resident physician, M. Bourdon. Now leave me; I am busy.'

"Hundred thousand devils! this was the climax! I had not previously believed that such insane regulations could really be in force.

I afterwards knew the reason why such ridiculous orders had been sent from Paris. That, however, is a subject upon which I do not care to touch, even in my private journal.

“ But, good heavens! what was to be done? How get away from those accursed walls? For three miserable days and nights I pondered that question of questions, but no solution came to me. On the fourth day a bright idea struck me: Madame Chiron, who was emphatically the governor’s governor, had a dog, delicately white, with a glossy black tail, black head, and brilliant eyes; the paws of the animal were also black. I am not a connoisseur in dogs, and do not know whether such a curiously-coloured dog is rare or valuable. Enough for me that madame’s affections appeared to be centred in the little beast. That set me thinking. I must state that, having shown my knowledge of medicine, I had free access to M. Bourdon’s laboratory, and saved him labour in compounding medicaments for the prisoners.

“ Madame’s pet dog is taken very ill, refuses food—will not touch the most delicate viands—droops, pines—will, it is evident, if some remedy be not found, die. Dr. Bourdon is summoned. He prescribes. The remedy is of no avail. That was my affair. Madame is in despair.

The dog gets worse and worse. Madame, in such a state of distraction as a tender mother would be if a dear child was dying, hurriedly enters the laboratory. I meant to have sought her had she not come. Fleurette is no better—worse—and can nothing be done? ‘Where is Bourdon—the unskilful fool?’ she added, ragefully. ‘He will be here presently. Will madame permit me to remark that neither M. Bourdon nor myself, though I have studied in an Ecole de Médecine, understand the maladies of dogs? The charming Fleurette—beautiful Fleurette—will certainly die if the proper remedy be not promptly applied.’

“‘Well, and the proper remedy? You say you are not acquainted with it?’

“‘That is quite true, madame. I recognise in Fleurette the same symptoms which I saw in another dog, which did not, however, die. I will give madame the proof. To-morrow, or perhaps not till next day, Fleurette’s legs will be paralysed. And then the remedy must be prompt. It is, however, certain to be effectual.’

“‘What remedy, I ask again?’ said madame, with passion.

“‘I have already said that I myself am

not acquainted with the remedy, but I know where to find the man who could cure Fleurette in five minutes. That is to say, I would undertake to find him in, say, three or four hours.'

"Madame, who was a shrewd woman, looked at me sharply, suspiciously. I sustained her scrutiny very well, and she left the laboratory, bidding me tell Dr. Bourdon that she wished to see him immediately.

"At about four o'clock the next day madame sent for me. She was alone and in tears. Fleurette's four legs *were* paralysed, stiff, cold. 'See, see,' exclaimed the lady, with extravagant passion, 'the electuary which, by that fool Bourdon's directions, you administered, has done poor Fleurette no good. It is as you said it would be—her beautiful legs *are* paralysed. And you are sure that a certain remedy may be obtained?' 'Quite certain, madame. But there is not a moment to spare. It may, as I said, be three or four hours before I can find the individual who possesses the secret.' 'Three or four hours! Fleurette will live till then?' 'No doubt of it, madame.' 'You will return with the medicine yourself?' 'Undoubtedly, madame, at my best speed.

I answer for Fleurette's perfect cure.' 'You do! I will confide in you then. My husband is absent. Follow me; I will let you out by the private door. Allons! I must risk something to save Fleurette. When you return,' said madame, as she softly unclosed a private gate—'when you return, pull three times—each stroke about a minute apart—at this bell. I shall be at hand. Now go, quick.' I *did* go quick—ran to my lodgings, discarded my turnkey habiliments, and was myself again. I was not, however, ungrateful to Madame Chiron. I, that had administered the bane, knew the antidote, and a phial containing it was delivered in less than three hours at the private gate, accompanied by a note from me, stating that I could not, for peculiar reasons, return to the prison, but had sent the potion for Fleurette, which speedily administered would restore her to perfect health, as if by magic. It did restore her, and the affair was allowed to pass *sub silentio*.

"There were several letters awaiting me at the hotel, amongst them one from my *beau-père* Tricard. It contained a startling piece of news. Edouard Cazo was married to Fanchette Le Blanc, who had received a fortune of

forty thousand francs. Cazo, so enriched, was about to give up the herbalist business, and embark in some other, which would give more scope to his ambition. Ho! ho!

“Joséphine d’Estrées was convicted of the murder of her husband—a conviction due, in some measure, although the dying declaration of Monsieur d’Estrées would perhaps have sufficed, to the calculated malignity of Cazo and his wife. Cazo could never have loved Joséphine. His was a nature utterly incapable of love in its exalted sense, its purifying influences, its self-sacrifice—a sensuous passion merely—straw on fire. How eagerly I watched them both during that terrible trial—noted the facial index of their cruel hearts, their fear-haunted consciences! Glancing from them to the pale, tremulous features, the suffused eyes gemmed by anguish to a more touching beauty, of Madame d’Estrées, it seemed to me that I was before the tribunal of a Rhadamanthus, where fiends were pleading for the condemnation of an angel.

“Guilty! Sentence of death! I am lost. A universe has crumbled at my feet, and I remember nothing more till the morrow of that dreadful day. My friends Tricard and

Courtrai were present when I awoke from that trance of despair; but, attentively perusing their faces as soon as I was able to do so, I read no hope there.

"They believed Joséphine to be guilty—that she had committed a brutal, unnatural murder, in order that her husband, by whom she had been treated with the most deferential kindness, should have no time to alter the testament made in her favour. 'Un assassinat inexpiable,' said M. Courtrai; 'and thy obstinacy in persisting she is innocent, is to me only another proof that, with all thy capacities, there is something flighty, something flawed in thy intellect.' 'You will at least, M. Courtrai, give me a letter to the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, asking him to intercede with the king—to intercede, I mean, for the saving of Madame d'Estrées' life?' 'I would not,' was his pitiless reply, 'move a finger to save the murderess from the just doom pronounced upon her. Certainly not.' 'An appeal has been lodged, I suppose?' 'Oh yes; but it will avail nothing. The righteous sentence will be carried out.' 'The *righteous* sentence! But never mind, I pass that. If you, M. Courtrai, can be morally convinced that Madame d'Estrées is an innocent woman, you will

appeal to the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne?' 'Yes, with the greatest pleasure. But the thing is impossible. Thou art a dreamer of dreams with regard to that beautiful serpent.' 'We shall see, monsieur—we shall see.'

"The appeal could not be judged in less than three months. I had plenty of time. M. Cabanis prolonged my leave of absence, and I set to work with energy. The idea was germane to that which an English dramatist, I have since heard, embodied in a play called 'Hamlet,' but differently carried out. Ever since I can remember, I possessed a talent for taking likenesses of persons, and not only of persons, but of scenery—fields, trees, men, women, the living and the dumb world. Those sketches were not models of painting, very far from that. But they presented the man, the woman, the trees, the fields vividly before you. He who had seen could not fail to recognise them at a glance.

"M. Courtrai was somewhat intimately acquainted with Edouard Cazo. He had known, respected his father, and had attended him during his lingering last illness gratuitously. He also liked the new Madame Cazo—thought her a worthy woman. He was

a man of skill in his profession, of great skill, and well-informed generally, but he had no faculty of vision to see through human masks. I had, and still have ; and in the case of Madame d'Estrées, love, pity, rage, added strength to that peculiar power. I was as sure, after I had seen and heard them give evidence at Rouen against the accused, that they were the murderers of Monsieur d'Estrées, as I was of my own life.

“ At last I was ready for the decisive experiment. I had painted with my best skill four tableaux. Never have I achieved such success as a painter. The *ange-gardien* of Joséphine must have guided my pencil. The four paintings are now in the possession of M. Courtrai's nephew. The first showed Edouard Cazo and Fanchette Le Blanc conversing eagerly with each other at a spot near Monsieur d'Estrées' mansion, where I had ascertained they had more than once met. He was handing to her a small packet. The dark light of meditated murder gleamed gloomily in the eyes of both. The next sketch reproduced a small apartment in M. d'Estrées' mansion, contiguous to that in which that gentleman took breakfast. It was in that room a garçon in the establishment

handed Le Blanc the tray upon which was the cafetière with various comestibles. This was proved at the trial. I felt sure it was there the *poudre de succession* had been mixed with the coffee. Madame d'Estrées was in the breakfast *salon*, the door of which she might have opened at any moment to bid the waiting-woman bring in her master's breakfast. The painting represented Le Blanc in the act of pouring the powder into the cafetière with her shaking hand—her fierce, averted, straining eyes fixed the while intently upon the door! The accessories were faithfully done. I had taken a sketch of the apartment and furniture. The cafetière itself was reproduced with exactness. The third tableau supposed that the real culprits had been discovered; the scene was the High Court of Rouen, but instead of Madame d'Estrées, Edouard Cazo and his wife were upon '*le banc des accusés*' (the bench where prisoners seat themselves when not under course of being 'questioned' by the magistrate) — Edouard Cazo and his wife. The witness—the denouncing witness giving her testimony was Madame d'Estrées, and into her face I threw all the force, the expression, which I was capable of depicting. She was a beautiful embodied Nemesis, as with flashing

eyes and outstretched hand she pointed to the trembling prisoners. The last tableau represented M. and Madame Cazo in the charette on the way to execution. Ah! that painting occupied longer than all the other three. The brush often and often fell from my hands, as with sudden sickness at heart and a hot flush in my face I bethought me that those two vile figures, were Truth the artist, would be painted out, and in their stead would stand the pale, martyred angel of my life—Joséphine!

“It was finished at last. The paintings were carried from my bed-chamber, where no one had been permitted to see them, to the principal *salon*. They were hung together in a row, a green silk curtain with rings running upon a stout wire before them.

“M. Courtrai and M. Bourdon humoured the caprice, yet smiled sadly at my folly. ‘As thou wilt,’ said the patron, ‘but it will end in nothing,’ (*celà aboutira en rien*).

“Monsieur Courtrai would, however, do his part in the *petite comédie de circonstance*, and mark, closely mark the demeanour, the countenances of Monsieur and Madame Cazo.

“Monsieur and Madame Cazo were invited to dine at Bellevue, the private residence on the

Côte, of M. Courtrai. It was a great honour, and the Cazos accepted the invitation with eagerness—delight.

“The dinner was capital—the *convives* in excellent spirits. There were only present Monsieur and Madame Courtrai, their widowed amiable daughter, Madame Bonjean, author of *La Fille Sage* (The Wise Girl), Monsieur, Madame and Alphonse Tricard, myself, and the two Cazos.

“Madame Bonjean, who was in the secret of our little plot, was hopeful of it. She had long known Madame d'Estrées, and spite of the general concurrence of public opinion in the judgment of the Rouen court, could not believe her guilty of the murder of her husband. I was charmed with Madame Bonjean.

“The dinner is over—the dessert accomplished. M. Courtrai invites his guests to view his pictures. We all rose. There were some excellent works of art, Dutch chiefly, which all admired.

“‘I have four pictures concealed by this curtain,’ said M. Courtrai, with marked emphasis, addressing the two Cazos, and looking fixedly at them. Madame Bonjean, who had only re-

turned to Havre a week previously, had helped to shake his conviction of Madame d'Estrées' guilt. 'I have four pictures concealed by this curtain, which are more than pictures. They reveal both the past and the future. Look, Monsieur and Madame Cazo.'

"A wild, bubbling scream broke from Madame Cazo's lips. She fainted, and would have fallen to the ground had not Madame Bonjean caught at and upheld her. As for Edouard Cazo, he was transfixed with terror as if confronted by a new Gorgon, and I noticed that his fascinated glance was riveted by the fourth picture—the going to execution in the charette, surrounded by a hooting multitude. He was as white as paper, and large beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"'Leave my house, Monsieur and Madame Cazo,' said M. Courtrai, in his sternest accents. 'I had not thought to entertain assassins. Begone!'

"The guilty pair left without a word, not daring even to lift their eyes. The terrible secret which haunted their lives, and, in the shadowy shape of the murdered man, pursued them during day, and crept with them at night to bed, whispering, suggesting horrible fan-

tasies, was known to others. One unseen had looked upon their deeds. That charette with its two occupants would never pass from their memory till the world itself did.

“‘Eugène,’ said M. Courtrai, ‘thou art right, I am convinced. But no legal proof is supplied by what we have just seen. I shall, however, speak of it to the Prince de la Tour d’Auvergne, and set off for Paris in the morning. There must be no delay, my poor Eugène, for the appeal I knew this morning has been rejected, and the sentence—the unjust sentence—will be executed this day week. There, don’t you faint away. I shall be successful, depend upon it, in saving Madame d’Estrées’ life. More than that I dare not hope for. Now take a glass of eau médicinale and go to bed, or you will be seriously ill.’

“‘The day of doom had dawned. Monsieur Tricard and I, who had arrived in Rouen the previous evening, were early up. Need I say that I had not slept since the departure of Monsieur Courtrai for Paris? Yet, early as we were, the Rouen folk were astir as early, and groups of countrymen and women were streaming into the city, brutally eager to

obtain a near view of the 'spectacle' appointed to take place at ten precisely. We had not heard from M. Courtrai since he left for Paris, and I walked in the shadow of a gigantic despair. Through M. Portalis we made a vehement application to the authorities to delay carrying out the sentence for a few hours. The request was granted; the time changed from ten to two o'clock, greatly to the chagrin of the sight-seers from the country. Their indignation rose to fever heat as, soon after ten o'clock, the clear, bright sky became overcast, the clouds grew black and dense, and soon the rain poured down heavily and with every sign of continuance for some hours at least.

"I had not been able to obtain an interview with Madame d'Estrées since her condemnation. Only a priest could be allowed to see her. Père Duchèsne was a worthy, warm-hearted man. He sympathised with me in my terrible distress, and readily charged himself with a note to the Unfortunate, by which she would know that it was through no coldness or want of effort on my part that I did not personally see and endeavour to support her in the afflictive days through which she was passing. 'It is as well, perhaps, my young friend, that you have not been permitted to see Madame

d'Estrées. It would but torture you and intensify her despair. She is completely *abattue*, prostrated with terror. She is deaf to religious consolation, not from want of piety, but because her mind is overwhelmed, paralysed with horror. She has never for one moment doubted your sincerity, your devotedness. I have never had a duty so painful to perform. I can only weep with—pray for her.'

"One o'clock has struck; the rain still pours down in torrents; but the crowd around the scaffold—sanguinary brutes—does not diminish. As for me, there is not only rage in my heart, but blasphemy in my brain. I doubt the goodness, the justice of God. There could be no omnipotent, merciful Father, if such a crime as the legal murder of that innocent woman took place. What a frightful fascination the black scaffold, the hideous apparatus of death, exerts over me! I cannot wrench my eyes away. Joséphine, the imputed crime being the murder of a husband, is to be broken on the wheel. Horrible! a thousand times horrible! Yet I cannot leave the spot, though passionately urged by the good Tricard, with tears in his eyes, to go away. No, I

must see out the terrific tragedy, should the last act drive me mad.

* * * *

“A ferocious shout in the distance, rapidly increasing in multitudinous volume as the charette slowly approaches the scaffold. The priest is kneeling therein over the doomed woman, who is crouching in terror at the bottom of the cart. The mob can only catch sight of the white, coarse, penitential dress of the victim. This enrages them. They have come to gloat upon the murderess, and refuse to have the entertainment curtailed. ‘*Debout ! debout, assassin !*’ (‘Up, up, assassin !’) they shout. That demand of devils produces no effect. A numerous armed force is present, and the multitude are powerless. * * * * They lift Joséphine out of the charette, and bear her up the steps of the scaffold. She is insensible from terror. Better so, infinitely better.

“Hark ! There is another shout from the south entrance into Rouen ; carriage wheels moving rapidly can presently be heard ; the officials on the scaffold look eagerly in that direction, and the terrible preparations are suspended. In a few minutes the carriage comes full in sight. M. Courtrai, whom I in-

stantly recognise, occupies it, with an officer in uniform; both gesticulate violently; the officer waves a sheet of parchment, M. Courtrai a white handkerchief. They are shouting, but their voices cannot be heard for several minutes. At last, the words 'Grâce! grâce! Sa majesté lui fait grâce!' are heard. A howl of rage arises from the multitude, who stop and are endeavouring to overturn the carriage in their ferocious madness, when the mounted arquebusiers force their way through the crowd and rescue M. Courtrai and the officer. The officer in command takes the parchment, speaks a few words to the occupants of the carriage, and rides swiftly back towards the scaffold. I became cold as stone while this was going on—rigid as death—I see and hear, but as if in a dream; not with my bodily eyes and ears. I saw the executioner unbind and give up Joséphine to the care of the priest and two civil functionaries who had helped her to mount the steps to the scaffold, and who now prepared to assist her back to the charette amidst a storm of wolfish execrations from the disappointed populace. I hear, see no more. As when sentence was pronounced, I recover intelligent consciousness—the certainty that I am not

dreaming—but to lose that recovered consciousness, and am borne safely out of the crowd by the good Tricard. M. Courtrai had not only obtained, through the good offices of the Prince de la Tour d’Auvergne, remission of the capital sentence upon Madame d’Estrées, but that instead of being confined for life in the Bagne at Brest or Toulon, which was the usual secondary punishment awarded in such case, she should be transferred to the prison La Force, Paris. That was a great, unusual favour; and but that De la Tour d’Auvergne was at last brought to believe in the innocence, or more correctly to doubt the guilt of madame, he would not have persisted till that relaxation of punishment was granted. It was simply seclusion, consequently, to which Madame d’Estrées was finally condemned; and at La Force she could be supplied with such modest luxuries as her friends would be disposed to supply her with.”

Two days after the narrow escape of the unfortunate lady from a cruel death, Eugène Devine and the Père Duchèsne entered the room in the hotel where M. Tricard impatiently awaited his step-son, he being anxious to leave without delay for Le Havre. M. Cour-

traï had left the same evening he arrived at Rouen from Paris.

Eugène was evidently much excited—very pleasurablely so. Father Duchèsne was also agitated, but uneasy.

“Give me your blessing, cher papa!” exclaimed Devine—“your blessing and felicitations. I am married!”

“What art thou talking of, Eugène? Married! Thou art either jesting or mad.”

“Neither, Père Tricard. Father Duchèsne married me to Joséphine d’Estrées, widow, in the prison about half-an-hour since. Madame Devine is now on the road to Paris.”

“It is true, Monsieur Tricard,” said the Rev. Duchèsne; “I have been prevailed upon to confer the sacrament of marriage upon Joséphine d’Estrées and Eugène Devine. There is no law of the Church which forbade my doing so. That which prevailed with me was, first, the conviction I had acquired of the lady’s innocence; secondly, the devoted affection felt for her by Eugène, who is a virile man in intellect if not in years; lastly, because it will give him a right to see her once in each month, in the presence, it is true, of one or more of the prison officials, and minister to her needs. He will also have the right, if he sees fit, and

reliable evidence of their guilt can be obtained, of prosecuting certain persons at Le Havre, who, since the incident of the four tableaux, neither you nor M. Courtrai doubts are the real assassins of Monsieur d'Estrées."

"Well," said M. Tricard, "I doubt the prudence of such a proceeding; but it being an accomplished fact, I shall take no step to annul the ceremony—and I only could do so. Do you return to Havre, Eugène," he added with a grave smile, "or does your body follow your soul to Paris?"

"It is of the first necessity," said Eugène, "that I resume my studies without further loss of time."

"Precisely; I knew that would be your answer. Well, then, we have simply to dine and depart our several ways."

Devine completed his brilliant studies at the Ecole de Médecine, and in due time received a diploma. Nothing meanwhile had been discovered that promised to remove the stigma of guilt from his wife, pining her life away in prison—the only ray of light which penetrated its cheerless gloom being the visit, once a month, of her true, faithful husband, for a few minutes only, and always in the presence of a third

party. Still, even that made sunshine in the dismal place. As for M. le Docteur Devine, the one sole object of life was to free his beloved wife from prison, restore her to society. A terribly up-hill game to fight. The odds against success were as one thousand to zero.

Messieurs Courtrai and Tricard both died in the same year, when Devine was in his 27th year, and Madame Devine had been incarcerated eight years. Le Sieur Courtrai bequeathed his protégé thirty thousand francs, Monsieur Tricard five thousand. These bequests fell in opportunely. Devine had made an important start in life. He had taken a house, or portion of a house, on account of its cheapness, in an unfavourable locality. His clientèle, when his patron and step-father died, was consequently a very scanty one; would barely have sufficed without the bountiful aid of M. Courtrai to keep body and soul together.

Much reflecting upon this condition of things, and knowing that in the utterly corrupt, rotten French Court of the period, the only talisman which could burst open the dungeon-doors where his adored wife was slowly dying—languishing to death—was gold—gold in heaps—Eugène Devine, one of the most skilful physicians that ever lived, young

as he was, determined to re-begin the world as a *charlatan*. Quack we should say. "I had tried the legitimate, and should have starved, so I betook myself to the illegitimate! It was an inspiration, without which mine would have been an utterly defeated life. The world is mostly composed of fools. My experience was young, but it had grasped that truth and held it firmly. I bought a carriage, had it painted in gayest colours; the coachman wore a coat half scarlet, half yellow. Two couriers, habited in like manner, preceded the carriage, which traversed the principal thoroughfares of Paris at a slow pace, befitting the solemnity of the high mission entrusted to the gentleman seated within, whom his heralds (the aforesaid couriers) proclaimed to have been miraculously gifted with the power of indefinitely prolonging human life—was possessed of the true Elixir Vitæ, of which the 'Pilule Divine' was an indispensable preparative. 'Pilule Divine' (Divine Pill)—the second letter so formed that in a Court of Justice, as afterwards happened, I could say that it was Devine's Pill.

"The Pilule Divine, as everybody knows, had an immense, an extraordinary success. Yes, and it was a very excellent pill. I had

very early detected the legitimate charlatanry of the profession, and convinced myself that certain simple medicaments would, in nine cases out of ten, have a beneficial effect. The result confirmed my judgment. Gold flowed in upon me in a torrent—the shower of Danae was nothing to it. I tried to utilize that gold in the only way for which it was precious in my eyes—the liberation of my wife from that accursed prison. I did not succeed—was always victimized. One Jezebel, whom I knew to have intimate relations with the king, robbed me of ten thousand francs upon the solemn promise that before noon on the morrow the king's pardon for Joséphine Devine, otherwise D'Estrées, should be sent to La Force. Bah! I was swindled! and, veritable ass that I must have been, deserved to be swindled.

“The next year the *petite vérole* (small-pox), of which Louis the Fifteenth subsequently died, broke out with great virulence in Paris. I had had opportunities of studying the disease, and had satisfied myself that the ordinary medical treatment was wholly wrong. Instead of shutting up the patient in a close room, and stifling him or her with blankets, and reducing the system, I opened the windows, gave free access to the air, and administered stimu-

lants enabling the sufferer to throw out the disease. This was the real secret of my great success; but the 'Pilule Divine' had all the credit of the cures. I cannot think there was any crime in that pretence. No one would have believed in fresh air, light covering, ordinary stimulants; but all did in the 'Pilule Divine,' and hundreds of lives were saved. My fame resounded throughout Paris.

"Early one morning I was summoned to Le Petit Trianon, Versailles. The all-powerful Du Barry had sent for me. Her mulatto *protégé* had sickened, it was feared, of the small-pox. My heart leapt up at the message. A great hope sprang to life within me. I hurried off with the messenger, saw the mulatto, and that he was really seized with the *petite vérole*, but, I judged, of a mild type. I looked grave, but expressed confidence nevertheless that the Pilule Divine would conquer the disease.

"I was quite aware, with all Paris, of the attachment of the beautiful Du Barry for the young African, and I carelessly asked if ~~that~~ lady had been in the room. Yes, once, before the nature of the malady was suspected. And madame wished to see me before I left. That was enough.

"I think the Du Barry was the loveliest creature I have ever seen. I did not wonder that the sensuous king was her slave—that La France, as she used to call the French monarch, did her bidding as a slave would. 'Well, what is the disorder?' she asked. '*La petite vérole*, madame; and of a very virulent type.' '*Grand Dieu!* he will die, then?' 'No, I can save him; at least, I believe that to do so is within my power.' I looked keenly at the beautiful creature. 'Will madame,' said I, softly, 'permit me to feel her pulse, to see her tongue?' The Du Barry turned deathly pale, and trembled in every limb. She complied with my request. I assumed my gravest look. 'It is surely impossible that madame has entered the infected room?' I said. 'Yes; once—once only,' she almost screamed. 'You do not mean, you cannot mean, that I—I—have caught the—the——' She could not finish the sentence. 'No question, madame, that you have caught the infection.' This was true. 'It is false,' she shrieked, springing upon her feet; 'it must, it shall be false!' She stamped her beautiful foot with rage and terror. 'It is true, madame; but I can save you.' 'Ah, yes, my life, perhaps; but the disfigurement—you cannot save me from that.' And the

Du Barry sank down upon the gilded canapé in an agony of distress. 'Yes, I will undertake that not the faintest blemish shall mar madame's dazzling beauty ; but I must insist upon conditions.' 'Conditions?—what conditions? Gold? You may have whatever sum you please to name.' 'Not gold, madame. The condition is simply this :—that madame gives me a written memorandum, promising that if I save her life, her face and person from disfigurement, and the life of her servant, she will obtain the king's full pardon for my wife—my innocent wife—imprisoned in La Force!' 'I know—I know. I have heard that history. I give you my word,' the Du Barry added, 'that if you fulfil your promise, Madame Devine shall receive the king's pardon.' 'Excuse me, madame, I must have the promise in writing, or I decline to act. The happiness of my life equally with your own is at stake. This is a great chance which God has vouchsafed to me. I will not cast it away. I further pledge myself that it shall never be known, that no whisper shall go forth upon the subject to the gay world, which, whilst crouching at madame's feet, are eating their hearts away with envy of her marvellous beauty, her supreme influence.'

“This was perhaps *maladroit* on my part. Madame du Barry had been saturated with compliments upon her beauty, by personages whose adulation was worth courting. That of a pill-manufacturer, though the pill was a *divine* one, she considered a gross impertinence! Her glorious eyes told me that. Still Death—the Shadow of Death—is the master of the world. She believed that I, perhaps alone of all the doctors in Paris, could certainly shield her from, exorcise the horrible phantom. She glared at me like a beautiful panther at bay; but I feared not her spring. Madame du Barry would have done, promised, given anything rather than it should be surmised she was or had been infected by such a loathsome malady as the *petite vérole*. A ridiculous notion was prevalent at the time that the disease, though it was subdued, if not a visible trace of the attack was to be seen, had nevertheless tainted, vitiated the blood for ever with malignant scrofula, which, sooner or later, might break out in other forms. ‘You feel no doubt that I am infected with that dreadful disease, and that you are certain of being able to save me from death and disfigurement?’ ‘There is not the slightest doubt, madame, that you are infected by the disease; and

that I can save you, not only from death, but from the least disfigurement.' 'I consent to the condition. There are writing materials: draw up the memorandum yourself.' I did so. Madame signed, and placed it in my hand. 'Now, Monsieur Devine,' said she, 'let us quite understand each other. I shall seclude myself till the danger is past. How long may that be?' 'Ten days at most.' 'Ten days. Fortunately the king has left for the provinces, and will not return in less than a fortnight. *Revenons.* I was about to say that I shall write a note to his majesty, place it in a sealed packet to be delivered to him immediately after my death. It will consign you to the Bastille for life. More than that, should I be disfigured, I shall still have sufficient influence to inflict upon you and Madame Devine the same doom, and be quite assured I will in the case supposed exert that influence. On the contrary—if you fulfil your promise, I will keep honourable word with you. Madame Devine shall receive the king's plenary pardon, and I will beside promote your interest in every way within my power.' 'Madame, I joyfully agree. But there is no time to be lost. You must immediately take my magic pill and other medicaments

which I constantly carry about me, according to the directions labelled thereon. Have you a discreet, trustworthy female domestic?' 'Yes.' 'I must see her then, and give her a few plain, simple instructions, which must on no account be neglected; and it will be best to give out that madame is suffering from a slight attack of fever.' This suggestion was approved. Madame la Comtesse added that, if possible to be done, she was desirous to conceal the nature of the malady even from the trustworthy female attendant. It was of such paramount importance to obtain the written promise of the all-powerful favourite, that I should not have hesitated at any assertion, however audacious it might be, and I boldly replied that I had little doubt my remedies would so act as to render it quite possible to prevent the attendant from suspecting the real state of the case. At last all was arranged, and I left Le Petit Trianon floating upon the wings of an inexpressible ecstasy (*'flottant sur les ailes d'une extase inexprimable'*) — a bewildering metaphor of the eccentric doctor's, and attributable, we may benevolently conclude, to the exaltation of his brain when, upon reaching his domicile, he wrote it down in his journal.

Fortune favoured, as the fickle goddess often does, the brave and bold. Madame du Barry had gone through the different phases of the terrible disease, and was completely convalescent several days before the king's return to Paris. But two pustules had appeared; one on the nape of madame's neck, the other on the great toe of her left foot. Her brilliant beauty was undimmed. She was grateful to Monsieur le Docteur Devine—presented him with a large sum of money, and assured him again that his wife should be pardoned, liberated within twenty-four hours after the king's return. The mulatto also recovered. It seems reasonable to conclude that the "charlatan" doctor, so called, was really much in advance of the medical profession of the day in his treatment of *la petite vérole* and other blood diseases. Monsieur le Docteur Devine thus continues his journal:—

"My heart is torn with impatience. It is forty-eight hours since the king alighted at the Tuileries; and Madame du Barry promised that within twenty-four hours my wife should be set free. What am I to think? Can it be possible that his majesty has not visited Le Petit Trianon?—that some new favourite has thrust Madame du Barry from

her throne, usurped her place in the king's affection? That would be terrible—fatal! But no—impossible! * * * * Joy! Ecstasy! I hold a note—three precious lines, which dazzle me. They are now gold, now vermilion, the blue of summer skies. 'The royal pardon for your wife has been sealed, and an order sent to the governor of La Force to liberate Madame Devine. You had better present yourself at the prison without delay. Your wife awaits you. The written promise must be returned to me by a sure hand.'

"There was no signature to this precious note, and the hand was a disguised one. Bagatelle! The great purpose was accomplished. In a few minutes, my beloved Joséphine would be in my arms, recovered to free life, to love, to happiness! I give Philippe just ten minutes to be ready with my coach! *Bon garçon!* he has done it even in less time. *Je sors.*"

Madame Devine, trembling in every limb, faint, bewildered, dizzy with the suddenness of so great a change, was given into the charge of her husband, lifted into his carriage, and driven off to a charming *séjour* in the environs of Paris, which he had rented since his inter-

view with Madame du Barry, and named L'Elysée.

“Seen in the sunlight of revealing day, how pale, how worn, how mournfully sad was that sweet face, that wasted form! Was I too late? Could it be that she, so young, guileless, beautiful, was sinking into the tomb in the *fraiche matinée*—the young morning of her life! I feared so, and the fever of that fear excited in my brain, whilst she was still insensible, a veritable access, paroxysm of insanity, violent but brief—tears relieved me. In a few hours I had satisfied myself that although the springs of life were weakened in Joséphine, she was suffering under no organic disease. Quiet, care, the tenderness of a lavish love, with scientific ministrant agencies, would bring back the roses to her pale cheeks, roundness to her shrunken form. This was my prayer—my hope. The prayer was accepted, the hope realized. Joséphine’s health was rapidly restored. At the end of three years she was the mother of two beauteous buds of promise, herself still as fresh and fragrant a flower as any that flourished in the king’s parterre.

“In the meanwhile, during those three years of delicious life, I had played my part in the world with success. Madame la Comtesse

du Barry pushed my fortunes: the 'pilule divine' was sought after by the highest classes; esteemed to be a universal panacea! And, as I have said before, it was a good pill,—a really good pill. I changed my variegated liveries every month—the bizarre display always going on crescendo. Paris, valetudinarian Paris, was at my feet. All that greatly amused Joséphine, and enriched me. Vive le charlatanisme! Yet I was not a charlatan—far from it. I was a more, much more, scientific adept in pathology than the solemn humdrum fools who affected to laugh and sneer, and in reality were bursting with envy at my success.

"The brightest prospects fade, grow dim. The heavens are overcast; the sunlight disappears, and the gay, laughing landscape—gay, laughing but a short time since—is sombre; the gorgeous hues of the trees and flowers become neutral, grey with a tendency to black. This is every one's expérience. It was mine in a moral sense. My success could not be forgiven by the faculty of medicine. Their calumnies gradually produced an impression. The falling off in the demand for the 'pilule divine' was rapid, continuous. One or two, perhaps five or six, cases terminating fatally—which fatal result all

the physicians in Paris could not have averted or postponed—helped to swell the strong current of prejudice setting in against me. I had soared to the sun like the lark, and had got my wings singed; but there was a charming, well-lined, sweetly companioned nest upon the earth, into which I could quietly drop down and pass my days in peace,—peace hallowed by the consciousness of duty done—after an odd fashion, it may be admitted—but duty done nevertheless, and illumined by the purple light of a pure, constant love.

“ ‘*Bien aimée* !’ said I, addressing Joséphine one calm, balmy evening in summer, as I sat beside her in the verandah of L’Elysée; ‘*Bien aimée*, I have made money enough. I—you and I are rich. I have resolved to abandon, with your consent, this feverish life of Paris——’

“ Joséphine interrupted me with a cry, a sob of joy. ‘Ah! my husband, that is my desire, my hope.’

“ ‘And, Joséphine, I should wish to settle at Le Havre de Grâce, your birthplace, beloved.’

“ ‘Eugène, you have read my soul.’

“ ‘There we can watch the Cazos, and I have a firm confidence that in good time we may

elicit proof, irrefragable proof, of your perfect innocence, now only known to God and me. What say you ?

“ ‘Nothing but God bless you, Eugène ; God bless you !’

“We had lived upon the charming côte which overlooks Havre de Grâce, in quiet, retired style, for some four or five years ; two additional children had been born to us, when Monsieur le Curé of Nôtre Dame called at our house, and asked to speak with me in private.

“ ‘Monsieur Devine,’ said the venerable priest, ‘you are, I know, acquainted with—at least, you know Monsieur and Madame Cazo, of the Rue de Paris.’

“ ‘Cazo, the grocer, whose father was a clever herbalist ? Yes.’

“ ‘Madame Cazo is dead. She died miserably about four hours since. Some live ember in the charcoal chauffeette under her feet set fire to her dress. She was dreadfully burned. There was no hope of life from the first. I was sent for. The physical torture of the wretched woman was nothing compared with the soul agony by which she was convulsed—maddened. During an interval of comparative calm, she solemnly enjoined me to say to Dr. Devine, to

his wife, to all the world, that it was she, Madame Cazo, then Fanchette Le Blanc, who poisoned M. d'Estrées—that Madame d'Estrées was innocent of the deed as an unborn babe. I have not failed to communicate that avowal of the dying woman to the authorities, by which means it will have general publicity, though that may be of no legal value.'

"'Of not the slightest legal value, but its moral value to me, to mine, is immense. Those words vouched to have been uttered by the dying woman by a witness of unimpeachable character will go far to dissipate the shadow in which my wife, our children, have been so long encompassed. Did the repentant woman say who it was furnished her with the poison, with the *poudre de succession* ?'

"'Yes. But it was said under the seal of confession. That dread secret cannot be divulged. Still I have a right to proclaim aloud the innocency of Madame Devine, to declare that *I know* she is innocent.'

"' *Remerciments—mille remerciements—thanks—a thousand thanks, reverend father. Possibly we may yet be vouchsafed such legal proof of my wife's innocence as will compel the High Court of Rouen to rescind the judgment upon Madame d'Estrées.*'

“ ‘I have little doubt of it. Trust in God, in *His* mercy. That is a staff that will never fail you.’

“My Paris reputation had both preceded and followed me to Havre de Grâce. Though I had given up practice I from time to time gave advice, always gratuitously, under special circumstances. I was held to be an oracle in cases of *petite vérole*.

“One evening, soon after we had dined, an assistant to M. Massieu, a physician, called at the house, and desired to immediately speak with me.

“He was the bearer of a message of intense interest to me from Massieu. Cazo and his only child, a daughter, the very apple of his eye, had been stricken down by small-pox. Informed that he must abandon all hope of life, that nothing could be done for either him or his child Fanchette, he, refusing to die, insisted that M. le Docteur Devine should be sent for. If he required a fee of ten thousand francs, it would not be refused.

“I hastened with the assistant to the Rue de Paris—not, God knows, to receive a heavy fee, but in the hope that some confession might be made by Cazo, which would

effectually and for ever clear the character of my wife.

“Edouard Cazo was dying. He was past cure—past hope; but with his daughter the disease had taken a favourable turn. She would live—of that I was quite sure. The change denoting that the disorder was killed, the plague stayed, was not observed by M. Massieu. He had had less experience than I. M. Massieu honestly believed, and was honestly telling Cazo, when I entered the room, that he and his daughter would be in their graves before twelve hours had passed. We bury the dead quickly out of our sight in France, especially in such cases.

“There was a world of agony, of terror, of despair in the look which Edouard Cazo fixed upon me. I passed from him to the daughter, then turning towards the doomed felon, I said, ‘Nothing can save *you*. But I can, will save your child, if you will confess before an officer of the municipality that it was you who furnished Fanchette le Blanc with the ‘poudre de succession,’ with which she poisoned M. d’Estrées. The confession must be a formal one, regularly attested.’

“There was a mighty struggle in the dark mind of Edouard Cazo. Rage, hatred of me, of me and my, by comparison, triumphant life

which he was required to make yet more triumphant, and love, intense, absorbing love—the fallen angels no doubt retained some hues of the Paradise they had lost—swayed his struggling spirit by turns. Love conquered. He consented to make the confession. The proper functionary, much against his will, attended; the instrument was formally drawn up, signed; and an hour afterwards Edouard Cazo was a loathsome corpse. The daughter recovered.”

The High Court of Rouen finally rescinded the judgment and sentence pronounced upon Madame Devine, *ci-devant* Madame d'Estrées, and condemned the representative of Edouard Cazo to pay all the costs of the investigation from first to last. M. le Docteur Devine refused to take advantage of the judgment of the court in that regard. Mademoiselle Cazo was not mulcted in a single franc.

After this, nothing worth transcribing is reported of M. le Docteur Devine, except that he resumed the harlequin attire which, for business purposes, he had assumed in Paris, and laboured assiduously to revive the reputation of his “pilule divine”—not with any marked success.

When Louis the Fifteenth sickened of small-

pox, of which disease he died, Madame du Barry—who, in losing the king, would lose all—despatched messengers to summon Devine to his majesty's assistance. Unfortunately, the charlatan physician had but a few days previously had his thigh broken by the falling across it of a tree which he was assisting to fell. He could not move, be moved. The king died, and to the day of his own death M. le Docteur Devine persisted in explaining to all who would listen to him, that but for the sudden falling of that tree, Louis the Fifteenth would have been saved—the crown might not have devolved upon the head of Louis the Sixteenth till he was able to sustain the splendid burthen—and monarchy would have endured another thousand years in France.

That there was some fissure, some flaw, in M. le Docteur Devine's brain, can scarcely be denied; yet he was a clever, skilful physician, one of the tenderest of husbands and fathers, and emphatically a good man. His eccentricity was healthily developed; it harmed no one, and enriched himself and his. Madame Devine died two days before her husband. She was not apparently ill—physically ill—when she expired in his arms. The blow was mortal. He refused to be comforted. Nor

would he move from the chair where he was seated when he last pressed her dying form to his bosom. He would not have the coffin-lid screwed down, and his gaze continued to be fixed upon the dead face till his eyes had lost their speculation, till he himself was dead. He was so found by the attendants. M. le Docteur Devine died possessed of, for France, great wealth. His two surviving children, Madame Joséphine Ouvrard and Madame Estelle Bontemps, were amply provided for; and he left funds for the endowment of a Maison-Dieu at Ingouville, near Hâvre.

Sir Andrew Sellwood, Knight.

THE word eccentric, applied to human character, I hardly need say, usually means one whose bent of mind prompts him or her to overleap or break through the conventional barriers which hedge in the different classes of society—to escape at any risk from the beaten highways of life. These are frequently persons of powerful, if flawed, intellects, and to some of them the world owes much. In some instances they are justly entitled to be called the pioneers of society: though they themselves, in their devious gropings, often stumble into inglorious, forgotten graves, they leave footprints on the sands of time, which, followed by more wary walkers, lead to great results. Of this truth I have to sketch some striking illustrations.

The story of Andrew Sellwood, Esquire, “soldier, artist, mechanician,” is somewhat obscure. Notices, fragmentary notices of him are scattered here and there in the meagre chronicles of the county (Northampton) in which he was born, for the most part lived,

and at a comparatively early age died. Still, those brief notices fit together, and enable me to depict his chequered career with a oneness—considered in its totality, and allowance being made for certain gaps and obscure passages—which will give the reader a tolerably correct idea of “Crazy Andrew Sellwood.”

Sir Andrew Sellwood, Knight, was born in the parish of Blakenley, in Northamptonshire, and was the son, or the reputed son, of a shoemaker, Jacob Sellwood. The year of his birth was 1620—the year, by the way, when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Southampton, in the *Mayflower*, for the Promised Land. An enterprise which Andrew Sellwood would have abominated from the bottom of his heart, had he been of age to abominate anything; his ruling passion, strong in death, having been loyalty—chiefly, I apprehend, because he believed himself to be a natural son of the Duke of Buckingham (Steenie)—the Duke of Buckingham who was slain at Portsmouth by Felton. Jacob Sellwood’s wife—Andrew’s mother—was a very handsome woman, and much younger than her husband. She was the granddaughter of one John Fothergill, a gentleman of local celebrity and good estate,

who had the folly to join the Northern Insurrection provoked by Henry the Eighth's forcible suppression of the monasteries, and got hanged for his pious zeal, in plentiful companionship, at York. From that time the family appears to have rapidly declined in circumstances. Fothergill's only son espoused a damsel of low degree, the sole issue of which marriage was Margaret Fothergill, the mother of Sir Andrew Fothergill, Knight—a gay-spirited damsel, who for some three or four years resided in London with an ancient female relative of her grandfather's as a sort of humble companion. . . . It were needless to mark, even if accuracy were attainable, the degrees of degradation by which Margaret Fothergill fell so low that she was content to marry Jacob Sellwood, who, with some money she brought him as dower, set up as a master shoemaker in a humble way in his native county. Her son Andrew was born six weeks after the marriage. The husband seems to have been a good-natured, industrious clod, who lived in great awe of his wife.

Mrs. Margaret Sellwood died when her son was in his fifteenth year. She had taught him to read and write "as well as any clerk in the county." When dying, the mother's last

words were, "Never forget, Andrew, that you are a born gentleman."

The strangely-tempered urchin had, in a certain sense, long since forgotten, though I suppose he had often been admonished to that effect, that he was a born gentleman. He was always skylarking, as the phrase is—robbing orchards—puddling in ponds, and altogether grievously misconducting himself. There were flashes nevertheless revelative of a high and generous, if erratic disposition. Take, for example, his rescue of Peg Twynham, a reputed witch, which has been quoted. "Old Peg"—a half-crazed beldame, who gained a scanty, precarious livelihood by fortune-telling—had earned the gratitude of the lad by fishing him out of a river when, being an indifferent swimmer, he had got out of his depth and was in danger of drowning. He did not forget that supreme service. A murrain had spread amongst the cattle in the neighbourhood, and the superstitious fools of the place believed that old Peg had bewitched them. She was consequently to be lynched after the old English fashion of dealing with witches—*videlicet*, tying their hands and feet together, and throwing them into a sufficiently deep pond or river. If she swam, there could be no doubt she was a

witch, and summary execution followed. If she sank, the result, as regarded the poor wretch herself, was generally the same, but there was a moral acquittal. The clamour consequent upon the seizure of old Peg caught the ear of Andrew Sellwood, who, seizing one of his father's sharp shoe-knives, hurried to the rescue, and dealt about him vigorously, "wounding, though not mortally, five of the ringleaders. Upon the God-speed of the business, some gentlemen of the Northampton Hunt came up, by whom the riot was quelled, and the old woman and Andrew Sellwood saved from the rage of the mob."

Before his mother's death, and encouraged by her, she being a skilled musician upon the "virginals," Andrew Sellwood, who had "a turn for mechanics and harmony," completed after a fashion what seems to have been a rude sort of barrel-organ. This he obtained permission to exhibit before the family of Sir Ralph Brisbane. The instrument, whatever it was, did not obtain the approbation of Sir Ralph. Andrew Sellwood's pretension to be an inventor of musical instruments was rudely mocked at, except by the baronet's third daughter, Lucy—"a young and beautiful girl, to see whom was to look into the face of an

angel." Lucy Brisbane spoke a few kind words, which words photographed upon his sensitive boy-heart by the light of her rare beauty, became the scripture of his soul, the illumination, or more correctly perhaps, the *ignis fatuus* of his life.

The immediate consequence of the youth's failure in the musical instrument manufacturing line, was that he ran away from a home made desolate to him by the death of his mother, and more repulsive still by the insistence of the father, that since his supposed skill in organ-building had proved to be a delusion, he should stick to shoemaking. "Old Peg" lent or gave Andrew sufficient money to pay his way to London, and in about a month after his departure from Northampton, Andrew Sellwood was serving as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board the *Garland*—one of Admiral Sir William Monson's fleet, dispatched to frustrate or break a combination which was forming between the French and Dutch navies. It was in a chance encounter, during a tempest, of the *Garland* with the *Jungfrau*, a ship of superior force, that the exploit occurred which, first reported to Prince Maurice, and by him to Prince Rupert, obtained for Andrew the command of "a Colour of horse" in the last.

named Prince's famous cavalry. During the aforesaid chance engagement, the two ships forged together, in sailor-phrase. The Dutch boarded. During the desperate fight on deck, Andrew Sellwood, cabin-boy or powder-monkey, had mounted, certainly not in discharge of his routine duties, to the main yard. The boarders were led by a celebrated captain—at least, he was afterwards celebrated for his conduct in the great fights between Admirals Blake and Tromp. The boarders I have said were led by a celebrated captain. His name, Van Spyck, or Spycke. He was the life, the soul of the assailing party, and the struggle was going against the English, when Master Andrew Sellwood, nicely judging his opportunity, literally “dropped down” upon the Dutch captain; that is to say, having no fire-arm with which to kill Van Spycke, it occurred to him that his own body would be pretty nearly as effective as a cannon-ball. The consequence was that the fighting Dutchman suddenly found himself in the condition of Sinbad the Sailor, the difference being, that instead of an old man of the sea, it was a young sea-monkey that bestrid his shoulders, and by the shock of the collision prostrated him face foremost on the deck. Captain Van Spycke was

soresly bruised, and made prisoner. Curiously enough, the termination of the battle is not set forth. I conclude it was a drawn fight; that the greatest portion of the Dutch boarders got back to their *Jungfrau*, and that the ships parted unpleasant company.

The next notice I find of Andrew Sellwood is that he was in command of "a Colour of horse" in Rupert's cavalry, and fought in the action or skirmish at Chalgrove, where John Hampden gave up his pure great life. At the assault upon Donnington Castle by Earl Manchester, the Parliamentary General, he so distinguished himself that Charles I. created him a Knight upon the actual field of battle. He was severely wounded in the last encounter, and ever afterwards limped in his gait. Disqualified for active service, he necessarily left the army.

About that time, I imagine, though the dates are rarely given, Sir Andrew Sellwood was informed that the relative with whom his mother lived in her youth had died and bequeathed to him her whole property, landed estate and money, amounting, in capital value,

to the enormous sum, in those days, of fifty odd thousand pounds.

Sir Andrew Sellwood, Knight, would not have been an exemplar chosen by me of eccentric character had he, having come into immediate unmolested possession of his aged relative's large legacy, set up a private establishment, and married sensibly, having first erased from his brain all trivial fond records anent one Lucy Brisbane, whom he had never heard of since he ran off to sea, and who, no question, had long ceased to have the faintest recollection of the shoemaker's son who had essayed to manufacture a new-fangled instrument, and failed to accomplish his task.

Sir Andrew Sellwood, Knight, decided upon a very different course. He must have, one would think, lost count of time, and thought not of the havoc which Time works amidst the best-laid schemes of mice and men, to say nothing of the certain evanishment of Youth's fantastic dreams.

The image of Lucy Brisbane was fresh as ever in his memory. He imagined, and not without some reason, that fifty odd thousand pounds—equivalent to two hundred thousand pounds, at least, in these days—would atone for his

limping gait and ignoble birth. The old shoemaker had been dead and buried some years.

Sir Andrew went to Northampton *incognito*.—I mean that he put off his rank,—and reappeared amongst such old friends as had not fallen into the sunless land, as Andrew Sellwood, the runaway son of Jacob Sellwood, the shoemaker, and not greatly improved in his worldly circumstances, besides having been lamed. His purpose was, of course, to ascertain how the land lay.

Lucy Brisbane had been married to Sir Arthur Fuller from about the time when he, Andrew Sellwood, dropped down upon Captain Van Spycke from the main yard of the *Garland*. It was a marriage of affection; but Sir Arthur, through loss of estate brought about by the civil war, he being on the Royalist side, had become, people said, cankered in temper, dissipated, giving way more and more to excess, and would, people with wisely-wagging heads prognosticated, soon bring himself and family to utter ruin.

It chanced, too, that he was just then in want of a groom. Andrew Sellwood at once determined upon the absurdly-romantic step of tendering for the place. He was engaged,

and for fourteen years, incredible as the story seems, Sir Andrew Sellwood, his knighthood, his wealth unguessed of, remained in the service of the family.

At least he himself believed or affected to believe that he was known only by the Lady Lucy and her husband as Andrew Sellwood, the son of the shoemaker. I doubt this. It is *not* credible. The lady must have wilfully shut her eyes—affected blindness. Whence could she suppose those large sums of money came which always arrived so opportunely when her husband, of whom, spite of his follies, she appeared to have been exceedingly fond, was pressed with debt? Sir Andrew, who, by the way, was soon advanced from the post of groom to that of butler, prided himself upon the clever expedients by which he sought to conceal the source from which such fairy treasures so opportunely flowed. But he deceived himself; closed his eyes at noon-day and said it was dark. “Crazed Andrew” was happy to so think. There is reason to believe that a sabre-wound on the skull which he received from one of Cromwell’s troopers had irreparably damaged his intellect, though the illusion took but one direction; he being perfectly sane in all things except

when the Lady Lucy was concerned. Like Hamlet he was only mad west-nor'-west.

The Lady Lucy's husband had once been an enthusiastic and very serviceable Royalist, but finding himself—as did thousands of others—neglected at the Restoration, flung aside like a shelled peascod, he became involved in the plots of factions who, from various motives, sought the destruction of the Stuart dynasty. As everybody knows, there was no end of “plaats,” real or imaginary, during the reign of Charles II.

Finally, the reckless man had so gravely committed himself, that a warrant was issued for his apprehension upon the charge of High Treason.

Conviction was certain; escape seemed impossible. Captain Aymard and his soldiers surrounded the mansion, and presently a thundering summons at the barred outer door, demanded admittance in the King's name. The game was up. The inculpatcd rebel, who had not the faintest notion, it would appear, that he was suspected of complicity with traitors, was in the house; and there was but one hiding-hole—a recess in which fugitive priests were in the precedent reign hidden, not always successfully, from the hunters. The

Lady Lucy was in a state of distraction closely bordering upon insanity. She sought, vehemently sought, counsel of the butler—Andrew Sellwood. This circumstance confirms the impression made upon me by the narrative that the Lady Lucy was perfectly conscious, though she may never have admitted the fact distinctly, even to herself, that she had a devoted *cavalier servente* in Sir Andrew Sellwood.

Sir Andrew Sellwood did not fail her. A few words between him and the Lady Lucy sufficed.

There was a hot search through the mansion as soon as Captain Aymard had forced an entrance, without successful result for some time; but as it was well known that the proclaimed rebel was there, the King's officer declared, and he meant to keep his word, that he would pull the house down sooner than permit the traitor to escape.

"Can I speak with you, captain, a few words in private?" asked a serving-man.

"Certainly; step aside. What have you to say?"

"If I showed you where the man you want lies concealed, would the promised reward be paid to me?"

"Yes; I pledge you my word it shall be paid to you, and without delay."

"Follow, then, with a file of soldiers. You will not betray me to the Lady Lucy?" added the butler, who was no other than the "traitor" himself. "I would remain in her service."

"Do not suppose for a moment I would do such a thing. Lead on."

"Here," said the pretended butler, in a whisper, and pointing to a panel in the wainscoting, "here is the Priests'-hole. You will find your man there. I will be gone."

The captain did find his man there. At least he thought he did, neither he nor one of his soldiers ever having seen the person he was in search of. Not the shadow of a doubt was entertained that they had got the right man in the right place.

The rebel baronet was arraigned at the Old Bailey. There was a great crowd and Justice Scroggs presided. A great drama—a solemn tragedy was about to be enacted. Error! It was a farce to be concluded in one scene.

A distinguished personage who sat on the Bench with the Chief Justice, and was present

to hear the trial, started up the moment the prisoner was placed in the dock, and exclaimed aloud:—"Why, God be gracious to us, the prisoner is my valiant friend and comrade, Sir Andrew Sellwood, knighted on the field by my royal uncle himself. What mockery is this?"

The speaker was Prince Rupert! There was great commotion, of course. Sir Andrew, spite of the Prince's urgent entreaties, he himself offering to be bail in any amount for his appearance, was remanded to prison. When it was known that the real delinquent had escaped to France with his wife, with a large amount of coin supplied by Sir Andrew, that self-sacrificed gentleman was tried and convicted of misprision of treason, and condemned to imprisonment for life. He died in fetters. The following is his brief obituary, extracted from a newspaper (*The Public Ledger*):—"Sir Andrew Sellwood, Knight, died yesterday in the governor's apartments, Newgate. The curious revelations which came out upon his trial are still fresh in the public memory. He was a good, gallant, but singularly eccentric gentleman. He was no doubt crazed by love—an early love; a very rare instance."

Beau Brummell.

It is a solemn truth that every death-bed is the final scene of a great tragedy, though the death be a beggar's, the bed one of straw. Yet to the human imagination the supreme catastrophe is magnified in its impressive terror when the miserable death strikingly contrasts with the glittering life, as, for example, in the instance of his splendid Grace of Buckingham, who expired

"In the worst inn's worst bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red ;"

and—a modern illustration—the tinsel life of Beau Brummell fading into the darkness of death in the hospital of the Good Saviour, Caen, France.

The perverted, lost life of the famous Beau Brummell dates from the 7th June, 1778. He was one of three children—two boys and a girl. The father of George Bryan Brummell was secretary to Lord North, of disastrous memory. The noble lord's administration, however unfortunate for his country, was

greatly beneficial to Brummell senior, who was able, by wise thriftiness, to save upwards of sixty thousand pounds, which, at his death, when the future Beau was but sixteen years of age, was bequeathed in equal portions to his children.

Beau Brummell received a fair education, and was a student at Eton when his father died. He exhibited, very early, much cunning perception, and seems to have foreseen the Georgian Era which was soon to dawn, when taste in tailoring would be a more potent introduction to "high society" than fame in arts, arms, or learning. He was, besides, well fitted by nature to be a distinguished clothes-peg. His face was not so handsome as the late Count d'Orsay's; but his elegant figure would show off a tailor's skill as well as could that doubtful nobleman, or Prince Florizel—Mr. Thackeray's Prince Florizel, — afterwards George IV. George Brummell had one virtue in perfection—that of cleanliness in person and apparel. Lord Byron, who knew him well, has said, with respect to his dress, that it was only remarkable for its exquisite propriety. The noble lord himself belonged to the now happily obsolete class of "Dandies." Young Brummell's general character whilst at Eton

was that of "a clever idle boy." He had some humour, too—good-natured humour. One trifling anecdote is sufficient proof of this:—a bargee having in some way offended the Eton students, was seized by a number of the exasperated lads, and was about being hurled from the bridge over the Thames into the river, when George Brummell interposed in perhaps the only manner that, during the excitement of the moment, would have been successful. "My good fellows," he exclaimed, "don't; the man is in a high state of perspiration, and would be sure to catch cold." The droll way in which this was said tickled the boys. They burst into laughter, and the alarmed bargee was set at liberty with a solemn warning not to offend again.

From Eton George Bryan Brummell went to Oxford, and was entered at Oriel College. Previous, however, to leaving Eton, he had attracted, by the "exquisite propriety" of his dress, the favourable notice of the Prince of Wales, who had seen him on the terrace at Windsor. That favourable notice, which the young man plumed himself upon as about the highest honour that could be conferred upon a human being, was unquestionably the great calamity of his life—the unbarring of a door

which led by a primrose path for a considerable distance, presently with abundance of nettles and thorns, towards the end, whence there was no turning back, to the abyss of shame and ruin.

At Eton young Brummell was smitten with the exceeding loveliness of a youthful damsel, the niece of Colonel Brewster, a retired officer in the service of the East India Company. The young lady had perhaps not been strictly educated, her uncle, by whom she was adopted as a daughter, not having long returned from India. George Brummell would appear to have been as much in love as such an incarnation of vanity and conceit could be; but was suddenly disenchanted. "How is it that you are never seen now with Colonel Brewster's niece?" asked one of his companions. "Don't speak of it, there's a good fellow," rejoined young Brummell, with a shudder; "she asked for soup twice."

At Oriel George Brummell was remarkable chiefly for breaking the College rules, and assiduous tuft-hunting. He was a devout believer in the doctrine enforced by Mr. Thackeray in one of his lectures at the Marylebone Institute—"Cultivate the society of your betters, young men." By betters, meaning persons of the highest reachable social position,

possessed of present wealth and distinction, and in some cases glorified by the gleam of stars and garters shining in the distance. He entered himself as a competitor for the Newdegate Prize, and, though diligently "coached," was unsuccessful—not a result to be surprised at.

His failure was more than compensated by the gift of a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, then commanded by the Prince of Wales, who had so admired the eccentric exquisite on the terrace at Windsor. The notion of making George Brummell a soldier! He rode pretty well, yet but for one fortunate circumstance never have recognised his company when the regiment was paraded: One of the non-commissioned officers had a remarkably large blue nose—red and blue, more correctly—and of very brilliant tints. That nose was Brummell's beacon. "My good fellow," said he, offering the man a handful of silver; "my good fellow, take care to keep up that illumination; it's worth the cornetcy to me."

His inefficiency as a soldier did not, however, prevent his rapid advancement. He was gazetted Captain on the 1st of June, 1796, through favour of Prince Florizel, with whom he continued to be a great favourite.

He was also the "Soul of the Mess"—a very earthly, mundane soul, the coarse quality of which no coating of varnish could conceal from moderately discerning eyes. Still the *protégé* of a prince, and that prince the colonel of the regiment, would necessarily be a pet of the dandy officers of the aristocratic Tenth, especially as Brummell claimed to be the direct descendant of a line of illustrious ancestry, dating from the Conquest. The endorsement of Prince Florizel sufficed to make current this claim to an illustrious, as distinguished, I suppose, from a noble descent.

The remark attributed, I fancy wrongly, to the Chancellor Oxenstiern, of Sweden, who, alluding to some flagrant instances in question, exclaimed, "See with what little wisdom the world is governed," might, with perfect appropriateness, be paraphrased into, "See with what slender wit the world of fashion may, under certain circumstances, be amused, delighted, entranced. Before what a poor humanity all that glittering, pretentious throng will bow down in wondering admiration."

The very best witticisms recorded as the utterances of George Brummell, in his time "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and with which he set the mess table of the gallant

Tenth in a roar, were sorry stuff. He had a slight cold, and being asked how he caught it, said, "I went to Pietri's Hotel, and was shown into a room where there was a damp stranger." This sally convulsed the officers of the gallant Tenth. Again—this was after he obtained his captaincy—"Why, Captain Brummell, you surely are not off with charming Lady M——." "An ounce of civet, good apothecary," replied the incipient bean, who had probably read elegant extracts from Shakspeare; "an ounce of civet, good apothecary—I positively saw her eating cabbage!!" "But surely you, Captain Brummell, sometimes eat vegetables?" said a somewhat gruff old major. "Yes, yes, major, yes; I once ate a pea."

Having attained his majority, and come into possession of his inheritance, £30,000 or thereabouts, the principal having augmented during his minority, and there moreover being ugly rumours afloat that even the Tenth Hussars might be ordered upon foreign service, George Brummell, who had a constitutional objection to expose himself to the action of that villainous saltpetre which ought never to have been dugged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, sold his commission and retired from the service.

George Brummell at once determined to cultivate "a life of pleasure"—Sybarite, Epicurean pleasure; therein being as one with his patron the Prince of Wales. That flowery path to ruin was gaily trod. Mr. Brummell took a house in Chesterfield Street, furnished it in exquisite style, and forthwith devoted himself to the cultivation of society in "high life," and the best mode of tying white neckerchiefs. He succeeded in both those grand objects of ambition to his heart's content. "I can stand," he boasted, "in the pit at the opera, and beckon to Lovain (Duke of Argyll) on one side, and to Villiers (Lord Jersey) on the other, and see them come to me." Fortunate Brummagem Beau Brummell! But the tie and set of the white neckerchief was his America of discovery. The how and the why disturbed the peace and exercised the ingenuity of the whole fashionable world. Vainly was he importuned to disclose the wonderful secret. The oracle remained persistently dumb. Not even to the Prince would he shed a ray of light upon that sacred mystery. It was only when hurriedly leaving England to avoid a debtor's prison, that he vouchsafed to enlighten "high life" through the medium of his friend Lord Alvanley. "Starch is your man," he

wrote with a pencil, directing the scrawl to that nobleman. The Lord Alvanley was delighted, and gave in after-years substantial proofs of his gratitude for so signal a favour. The "beau monde" participated in the enthusiasm of Alvanley at the solution of the grand secret. Such were your Gods, O Israel! And these Brummells, Peers, Princes, were contemporaries with the men who wrestled down the giant wars which for a quarter of a century had convulsed Europe!

That Beau Brummell was the rage amongst the upper ten thousand is indisputable. No dinner, no ball, no assembly was held to be complete if he were absent. Very careful was he to preserve his exclusiveness. He recognised the peerage, but no other class of society, and like another Regency George the Fourth impostor, John Wilson Croker, affected to be ignorant that there was such a locality as Russell Square "within the confines of civilization."

Once, when remonstrated with by the wealthy father of a young man whom he, Brummell, had helped to "pluck" at cards, he said, "Upon my honour, sir, I did much for your son. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Walters'. Think of that, sir!"

Brummell, as I have said, had some humour of a weak eau-de-cologne kind. He condescended to accept an invitation to dine with a rich young man whose acquaintance he had made in a gaming-house. The young gentleman called upon him about half an hour before the time that dinner would be served to remind the Beau of his promise. In the meantime Brummell had received an invitation from Lady Jersey, and just as the rich nobody was speaking with Brummell, her ladyship's carriage stopped at the door to convey the distinguished dandy to her residence. "Well," said the plebeian acquaintance, "I see you will not honour me with your company to dinner this evening. Lady Jersey's claim is of course paramount. As my house lies in the direction of her ladyship's, I will ride with you part of the way." "Good God!" exclaimed Brummell, "ride with me! But perhaps you mean to get up *behind*." By the by, one of the Beau's notions was that a sedan chair "was the only vehicle for a gentleman."

One Mr. Snodgrass, a F.R.S. and grave philosopher, happened to attract the notice of Brummell. The name offended the Beau, and he would ring the bell, and knock at the door about midnight, when there was no one up but

the philosophic student himself. The window of the venerable man's study was thrown open, the venerable head thrust forth, and an angry demand screamed forth in pantaloon treble to know the meaning of such knocking and ringing at that dead waste and middle of the night. "*Is* your name Snodgrass?" asked the mellifluous, bland voice of Brummell. "*Is* your name Snodgrass?" "Yes, it is—what then?" "Only, my dear fellow, that it is an extremely vulgar name. Snodgrass is decidedly vulgar." "You be ——" —we need not print the participle past—was the reply as the window was slammed down. The torment was fitfully repeated till at last Mr. Snodgrass found himself obliged to appeal to the authorities, and Beau Brummell received an emphatic warning that such conduct would incur ignominious punishment. The Beau kissed the rod, and no more disturbed the philosopher's peace. This incident suggested the once popular farce of "Monsieur Tonson."

Once Brummell was induced to accept an invitation to dine from a wealthy alderman, having first, however, obtained the civic dignitary's promise "not to tell." The dinner was served, and Brummell, who had made himself waited for a considerable time, at last

arrived. There was a baron of beef on the table. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, glancing at the table; "Good heavens—Ox!" and vanished.

The familiar terms upon which he stood with the so-called great men of the realm will be sufficiently illustrated by one or two anecdotes.

He was walking with the Duke of Bedford along Pall Mall, when his Grace asked him if he liked the cut of his coat—an improvisation of the Duke's tailor. Beau Brummell examined critically the ducal coat, and the survey finished, said, with an air and accent of deep compassion, "My dear Bedford, *do* you call this thing a coat?"

Again, being on a visit at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, where a numerous company was assembled and feeling somewhat indisposed, he left, at an early hour for him. Suddenly sounding a powerful alarm or fire-bell, which at once arrested the flying feet of the dancers,—“I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen,” said the Beau, from the gallery which overlooked the *salon de danse*; “I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but there is no hot water in my room.”

There have been various versions of the origin of the Beau's quarrel with the Prince Regent. The accepted story was that Brummell, having dined at Carlton House, and being desirous of tasting some wine of a celebrated vintage, said, "Wales, ring the bell;" whereupon the Prince did ring the bell, and to the answering servant, said, "Order Mr. Brummell's carriage." The same story or something like it used to be told of Thomas Moore and the Regent. Brummell always denied that he had so misbehaved himself. According to the Beau's own version, his disagreement with the Prince was entirely owing to the marriage of his Royal Highness with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He had in some way offended that lady, and the "night crow," all powerful for a time, placed her veto against his admission to Carlton House. The Prince deeply resented Brummell's behaviour towards or concerning Mrs. Fitzherbert; and fop, fribble as he was, George IV. was "a good hater." He never forgave. Brummell used to show his resentment in his own small way. Once after the final rupture with the Regent, the Beau, riding through Bond Street with Lord Sefton, met the Prince, who was taking an airing in a carriage. Seeing

Sefton the carriage was stopped. The prince and peer exchanged some commonplace courtesies. Sefton presently rejoined Brummell. "Who is our fat friend in the carriage?" he asked, affecting not to have recognised the Prince. This sort of thing used to be thought very witty, cruelly sarcastic!

In the meantime, the Beau's thirty thousand pounds are rapidly diminishing, becoming fine—very fine by degrees, and unbeautifully less. At last all is gone, and Beau Brummell's exquisite neckties will not appease the clamour of his furious creditors.

One incident in the eccentric life of this gay, glittering human moth should be mentioned before I follow him into exile, and show what this "observed of all observers" was when the paint and plumes were stripped off. If not a vain boast, which is most likely, it speaks, in perhaps a dubious sense to his credit. The Beau was on a visit to Earl H——. It was understood that his stay would be a long one. Three or four days only had passed when Brummell, brusquely presenting himself, said to his lordship, "My lord, I must leave at once. I cannot stop here." "Why, in Heaven's name?" "I am in love with her ladyship, your wife." "The devil you are!

But never mind that. A passing fancy. Nothing more. Her ladyship is not in love with *you*." "Well, your lordship, I am afraid her ladyship does incline to be in love with me." Brummell left immediately.

Alderman Coombe, an extensive brewer—Beau Brummell will be most faithfully depicted by these stray anecdotes—Alderman Coombe, an extensive brewer, had lost a considerable sum of money to the Beau, who, with hilarious impudence said, whilst pocketing his winnings, "All right, Alderman Coombe; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish," retorted the angry alderman, "that every other scoundrel in London would say the same, and keep his word." In this passage of arms between the Beau and the Brewer, the latter had certainly the best of it.

At last all was gone: the pet of high society, the inventor of unapproachable neckties, was cleaned out. He must make himself scarce as quickly as might be; but in order to pass over the strait which divides Dover from Calais funds were required. There were half a dozen executions in his house, and no money could consequently be obtained by sale or by hypothecating or pawning of furniture, plate, &c. In this extremity, George Bryan Brummell sent a

note to one of his friends, a Mr. Scrope Davis. I subjoin the note and the reply :

“ *May 16, 1816.*

“ MY DEAR SCROPE,—Lend me two hundred pounds. The banks are shut, and all my money is in the Three per Cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.—Yours, G. B.”

Mr. Scrope Davis to G. B.

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,—It is very unfortunate, but all my funds are in the Three per Cents.—Yours truly, SCROPE DAVIS.”

Brummell must have been more successful in other quarters, as he certainly raised funds enough to enable him to reach Calais, and support himself there till he could organize a method of levying black-mail on his titled English friends, upon whose charitable alms Beau Brummell, the star of fashion, was thenceforth content to exist.

The habits of this eccentric gentleman clung to him through life. He was as preposterously exclusive when a fugitive from his creditors, and living upon the charity of his former acquaintances, as in the days of his ephemeral prosperity. He took up his quarters at a Calais hotel, where he lived in very comfortable style for seventeen years. His correspondence

and the occasional visits of great people imposed upon the French tradesmen, who believed that he was suffering under a temporary eclipse only, and would again shine out resplendently, a bright particular star in the aristocratic galaxy of England. The French are an acute people, but they have strange notions with regard to England and English society. For example, they believe the Lord Mayor of London to be a potentate second only in dignity and power to the monarch of Great Britain.

It is not at all surprising that they should have believed in Beau Brummell. The Duchess of York, a very amiable lady, sent him not only money, but a table-cover worked with her own hands. This steadfast friendship of her Royal Highness seems to show that after all the vain coxcomb must have had something good in him. Lord Sefton moreover paid him a visit ; so did Wellesley Pole and Prince Puckler Muskau, the Prussian nobleman who once made a small splutter in the literary line.

Let us pass swiftly over the decline and fall of this once celebrated gentleman. His debts in Calais rapidly accumulated. His English friends, generous as many of them were, could not supply his extravagances ; and when George IV. passed through Calais on a

visit to Hanover, and did not send for *ce célèbre* Brummell, the faith of the French in the great man sank to zero as quickly as did that of Justice Shallow in Sir John Falstaff, when Henry V. (in the play) publicly rebuked and cast him off. Brummell was refused credit, and a prison was not obscurely hinted at. Driven to desperation, he applied to the Duke of York to procure for him, through his influence with the Ministry, a Government appointment. The application was successful, and on the 10th of September, 1830, Beau Brummell was appointed English Consul at Caen, at a salary of four hundred pounds per annum.

Landed at last, one would think, safe out of Fortune's reach. Not at all. His debts followed; his foolish habits clung to him to the last, till at length the only person whom he could rely upon to befriend him was Mr. Armstrong, a grocer established in Caen. "My dear Armstrong," he wrote one day, "lend me seventy francs to pay my washerwoman." Yet the man who wrote that note would not "honour" with his presence any assemblage at which people in the remotest degree connected with commerce were to be met with!

Beau Brummell had been Consul but about

two years when he appears to have been smitten with positive lunacy. He memorialized Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, to the effect that there was no necessity for a British Consul at Caen. He appears to have imagined that if he gave up the Caen Consulship he would certainly obtain a more lucrative one—in sunny Italy, he hoped. Lord Palmerston took the unfortunate Beau at his word—abolished the Caen Consulship, presented Mr. George Bryan Brummell with a *solatium* of two hundred pounds, but gave no hint of the recipient obtaining any other appointment. This was the climax. No sooner were the arms of England taken down from the front of his house, than his French creditors determined at once to arrest his no longer inviolable person. This was done with a great deal of unnecessary display and circumstance; and poor Brummell was carried off to jail. A very weak creature the pet of courtly circles proved, when subjected to the pressure of misfortune. He could do nothing to help himself; continued to weep and wail, and pour forth bitter complaints that his dinner was not regularly served—that his washerwoman did not get up his white cravats so well as she had formerly! At last, the grocer, Armstrong, who appears to have been

actuated by a real sympathy for the broken-down Beau, proposed that he himself should go to England and personally solicit—being, of course, furnished with proper credentials—the help of Mr. Brummell's rich friends. This was done. Armstrong's mission was so far successful that sufficient funds were obtained to release Brummell from jail. But the Beau's future was bleak and dreary as ever. The end was near at hand. The intellect, such as it was, gave way ; and it was determined by Mr. Armstrong and other friends to obtain him an asylum in the hospital of "Le Bon Sauveur." This charitable design was carried out ; and George Bryan Brummell, screaming with idiotic terror, for he fancied he was about to be again shut up in jail, was conveyed to the convent or hospital. There he died, and was buried. The sad lesson which this life teaches needs no interpretation. He who runs may read its mournful significance.

Lady Hester Stanhope.

SHE surely must be a singularly eccentric woman who, born in almost the highest rank of the upper ten thousand, and who before she was out of her teens was possessed of great political influence, chose, whilst still young, to cast in her lot with semi-civilized inhabitants of Asia, and who, though not in the slightest degree influenced by genuine religious feeling, cherished visions, and died dreaming of a sacerdotal empire in the East—of a throne to be shared with the Messiah in Jerusalem!

Lady Hester Stanhope was the eldest of three daughters, Hester, Griselda, Lucy. They were the children of Charles, Earl Stanhope, by his first wife, the sister of William Pitt, the great Minister.

Charles, Earl Stanhope, was himself a singularly eccentric personage, and, one cannot help thinking, of flawed intellect. Himself a peer of the realm, he professed profound contempt for hereditary rank, and, as a tangible proof of the reality of his convictions, ordered the

erasure of the armorial bearings from his coach-panel! A whimsical gentleman in other respects: he slept, Lady Hester reports, under the weight of a dozen blankets; and when he rose, squatted down on the floor, and ate his breakfast of tea and dry bread. The noble peer, not satisfied with having painted out the armorial insignia of his coach-panels, sold the carriages. The second Lady Stanhope was indignant at this development of aristocratic democracy. Precocious Lady Hester devised a plan to shame her father out of his plebeian propensities. She got a pair of stilts, and stumped down a muddy road where the Earl would be sure to see her.

"I say, little girl," said his lordship, "what have you been doing? Where was it I saw you going upon that pair of—the—the devil knows what—eh, little girl?" To which Lady Hester replied, that as the Earl had sold his carriage, it seemed to her that the best mode of getting through the mud was by the help of stilts. The practical lesson thus taught had its effect upon the Earl, who promised to restore the carriage, "but no more armorial bearings."

There must have been an hereditary craze in the noble family of the Stanhopes.

but the disease manifested itself in divers forms. The Lady Hester, for example, gloried in being an aristocrat of the purest, most exalted blood and breeding—one conclusive proof that there was no particle of common clay in her composition being “that her instep was so high that a kitten could walk under the sole of her foot.”

Education, in the true sense of the term, she had none; neither had her sisters. After the death of her mother, who died whilst she was still young, the ladies were consigned to the jurisdiction of their grandmother, the Dowager Lady Stanhope, who employed French and Swiss governesses. Their most important duty was to squeeze the Ladies Hester, Griselda, and Lucy into symmetrical shape by back-boards. “How I did hate those wretches!” Lady Hester often exclaimed in after-years. “They would have squeezed me, had it been possible to do so, into the size of a tiny Miss;” and—inconceivable misappreciation of the infallible sign of distinguished lineage—positively endeavoured to flatten down the sole of her foot, “which a kitten could walk under.” One reason for her ladyship’s lofty dislike of the British people was, that as a nation they are deficient in the pedal arch—a flat-soled generation, of

whom no great and noble achievement could be hoped for.

Mr. Pitt, her uncle, invited her to reside with him permanently, and preside over his household. Lady Hester at once accepted the offer, and continued with the great minister till his death. Lady Hester had a sovereign contempt for books, especially books of history, which the instinctive genius of a lady possessed of such a high instep instructed her were all lies. She was not, however, incredulous of biographic sketches of her charming self. "Men who were no fools declared that I might well be proud of the alabaster whiteness of my neck, rivalling that of any pearl necklace, of my cheeks' fine contour, rounding off so beautifully that the exquisite Brummell exclaimed, 'For Heaven's sake take off those ear-rings that we may see what is beneath them.'" The chivalrous sailor Sir Sidney Smith's admiration was, if we may believe her ladyship, more enthusiastic still. He is said to have thus described her *entrée* into the society of the *grand monde* assembled at Mr. Pitt's mansion. "You entered the room in your pale skirt, exciting our admiration by your magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in your face,

and the ineffable smiles of your countenance diffused happiness around you." The Lady Hester must, one would suppose, have anticipated Captain Cuttle's advice to make an immediate note of anything thought worthy of preservation by the hearer. The same with the following passage, uttered by no less a personage than his Majesty George the Third: "You have not reason, Mr. Pitt, to be proud that you are a minister, for there have been many before, and will be many after you; but you have reason to be proud of your niece, Lady Hester, who unites everything that is great and good in man or woman." And yet this lady, who comprised in her own person all that is great and good in man or woman, was, according to her own candid confession, "a mischievous mimic, as fierce and proud as the devil."

A very precocious damsel, too, was the Lady Hester Stanhope, in other respects. The Dowager Lady Stanhope had given strict orders to the French and Swiss governesses to keep the young ladies in ignorance of all things improper for young ladies to know. Lady Hester, though only sixteen summers had passed over her head, "quickly knew and remembered everything." She

nevertheless admired, or affected to admire, delicacy of manners, and speaks approvingly of Earl Grey, then a young man. She dropped one of her garters at the trial of Warren Hastings, and the Earl knowing whose it was, handed it to a female attendant who served tea and coffee in the lobby.

Lady Hester Stanhope not only reigned supreme in Mr. Pitt's establishment, but had a potential voice in the disposal of the minister's patronage. Of marriage, which the young lady early knew to be all "Star," she appears to have thought but little, "though there were men who would have gone through fire and water for me." "She had determined to be the wife of no one less clever than herself." Mr. Pitt, hearing her express that resolution, exclaimed, "Then you will never marry. There is no such man."

Her ladyship further reports that Mr. Pitt once remarked, "That it would be quite useless trying to conceal anything from me; for if I wished to cheat the devil, I should succeed in so doing." Quite true, complacently added the youthful Lady Hester.

Mr. Pitt died, and as by a *coup de théâtre* the brilliant scene in which the Lady Hester had so long shone supreme at once

disappeared. The obsequious crowd of courtiers who had been so proud to sun themselves in her smiles when the haughty damsel condescended to bestow them, made the sudden discovery that the delightful *brusquerie* of speech, the charming frankness which they had so greatly admired, was, in reality, hoydenish impertinence; her contempt of conventionalism which, whilst Mr. Pitt was living and in office, they had supposed to indicate a great original genius, to be after all mere vulgar rudeness, and indicative only of the revolt of a coarse-minded, girl-woman against the decencies of polished society.

Queen Hester's reign was over—the diadem reft from her brow. She removed to a splendid residence in Montague Square, but nobody that was anybody visited her there. She next tried rustication at a cottage in Wales. That did not at all harmonize with her ladyship's soaring, transcendental visions; and she finally resolved to abandon England, and seek a home either in the mysterious East, or the teeming West. The world was all before her, and possessed of a pension of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, regularly paid in good honest sovereigns out of the

British exchequer, her future looked bright enough.

The Lady Hester was unfortunate at the outset of the voyage. The vessel in which she sailed was shipwrecked off the Island of Rhodes, and her ladyship narrowly escaped with life. She proceeded to Constantinople—sojourned there for some months, whiling away the time by inditing a voluminous correspondence, the subject-matter of which was mainly the glorification of Napoleon Bonaparte and herself!

Finally this eccentric lady settled at Dar Joon, in Syria, not very distant from St. Jean d'Acre. Whilst there, her spiritual visions assumed a distinct shape. The Millennium was close at hand, and she was the chosen bride of the Messiah of Nations—chosen from before the foundations of the earth were laid ;—whose advent she hourly expected, and not less confidently after, by the lapse of time and the indulgence of vicious habits, she had withered into a smoking, chewing old crone, whose chief occupation was swearing at the “black beasts” her servants.

Many persons from Europe visited her at Dar Joon. The most distinguished of them was M. Lamartine, who, in his “Eastern

Travels" plentifully bedaubs her with plaster of Paris, artistically coloured. Lady Hester had condescended to prophecy high things of the French poet; her chief avowed reason for assuring him that he would rise to eminence in his own country being, that although he could not pretend to an exalted instep like her own which a kitten might creep under, water would flow beneath his pedal-arch without wetting it. Lamartine positively repeats this craziness as if he were transcribing the sayings of a Plato. Lady Hester also vouchsafed to show M. Lamartine two foals, curiously marked on their backs, upon which the Messiah and herself would make their entry into Jerusalem!

The chosen bride of the Messiah had strangely enough grown oblivious of the maxims of common honesty. A pension of fifteen hundred pounds per annum must have been an enormous income at Dar Joon, but her ladyship could not, somehow or other, make both ends meet. Creditors became clamorous, and some of the wildest of them instructed agents in London to apply to a Court of Equity for relief. The pension—at least a considerable portion of it—might, they thought, be set aside for the liquidation of her ladyship's debts. That, however, could not be

done; but Lord Palmerston, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs (1838), apprised of the circumstances by Colonel Campbell, the English Consul at Beyrout, wrote to her ladyship, politely intimating that payment of the pension would be suspended, unless she would make a *bonâ fide* effort to settle with her creditors.

This "impertinence to a Pitt" was warmly resented by Lady Hester, and not condescending to reply direct to the Foreign Secretary, she addressed a letter to the Queen of England herself, threatening to give up her pension, and with it the name of an English subject and the slavery which it entailed. As to Colonel Campbell, her ladyship had half a mind to shoot him, either herself or by proxy; he having richly deserved that fate, "for having alienated from the queen and her country a person whom great and small must acknowledge had raised the English name in the East higher than any one had before done, besides having made philosophical researches of every description for the benefit of mankind in general."

The final renunciation of the pension was however postponed; and soon a more potent creditor than those who had invoked the in-

tercession of Colonel Campbell, put in his claim. Lady Hester Stanhope died suddenly in June, 1839. The favourite and beautiful niece of the great William Pitt fills an obscure grave in the Syrian wilderness, her only bequest to the world being the sad moral of her life.

Beau Nash.

THERE are many kinds as well as degrees of celebrity. Lord Chancellor Brougham once, under the influence of an access of acrid humour, observed, in illustration of his argument, and pointing towards the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland, who were conversing quietly together on the cross-benches of the House of Lords, that the one was illustrious by his deeds, the other illustrious by courtesy.

Quite true. The remark is of every-day application, and takes in a wide range of character. Richard Nash, Esquire, master of the ceremonies and king of Bath, was equally with George IV., King of England, illustrious by courtesy. His Majesty of Bath, with all his weaknesses and follies, was, however, a far more respectable man than his Majesty of Britain. This must be conceded even by those who recognise the truth as well as admire the caustic force of the verses attributed to Lord Chesterfield. In what was then known as "Wiltshire's Ball Room, Bath," a statue, life-

size, of Beau Nash was placed between the busts of Newton and Pope. Chesterfield wrote :—

“ The statue placed these busts between,
Gives to my satire strength ;
Wisdom and wit are little seen ;
And folly at full length.”

The right of fribble Chesterfield to sit in judgment upon fribble Nash may be disputed, but there can be no doubt as to the strict applicability of his lordship's lines. For all that, the Beau of Bath was a superior man to Lord Chesterfield. A trifler, sycophant, if you will, but Beau Nash, as I shall presently prove, had a heart in his bosom ever responsive to the sad music of humanity. The noble lord who, if we accept the dictum of Doctor Johnson, published a book which taught the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing-master, was, morally estimated, far below the standard of Richard Nash ;—and that was not a high one.

Richard Nash was born at Swansea, Glamorganshire, on the 18th of October, 1674. His mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who made a gallant stand for Charles I., when that monarch's fortunes were utterly desperate, and whom Cromwell crushed with an effort as slight as it was merciless.

The king of Bath was educated at Jesus College, Oxford; but his genius, or inclination more properly, lying in the direction of fine clothes and elegant deportment, it is not surprising that he did not take a degree. He left the University considerably in debt, a petty liability for which he considered the property he left behind him—one pair of boots, two volumes of plays, a fiddle, and tobacco-box—sufficient security.

Arrived in London, he contrived to raise a sufficient sum of money to purchase an ensigncy. The temptation must have been the uniform, for assuredly no man was ever less fitted for the vocation of a soldier than Beau Nash. The commission, however, served his purpose, by introducing him to the society of persons in high life, with whom his obsequious deference for every one who had any claim to social distinction soon made him a favourite—Nash repaying himself for lip-homage by his success as a gamester, a profession in which he was an early adept.

It was at this time that the first striking instance occurred illustrative of the double nature of this vain popinjay of a man. He was introduced to and fell in love with a Miss Verdun. She was beautiful and possessed of

a moderate dowry. The father, who had risen from obscurity, and looked with reverence upon the elegant fop who was hand and glove with nobility, insisted upon his daughter's acceptance of Nash's offer. The lady had, however, formed a prior attachment, and candidly confessed it to her exquisite suitor, who behaved admirably. Nash sought an interview with the father, and finally prevailed upon him to allow his daughter to marry the man of her choice. Nash himself gave the bride away; a sorry gift, for the woman eloped with her footman after a few months only of married life. Nash, upon being informed of what had occurred, entertained a gay party at the Smyrna Coffee-house, and having related the disinterested part he played in promoting his rival's suit, remarked that the result was a striking illustration of the moral aphorism which declares that virtue is its own reward. The husband, looking at the matter from a different point of view, committed suicide.

Scared by war's alarms, brought home to him by the ominous fact that his regiment was about to be sent on active service, Beau Nash, who had had an instinctive horror of vile guns, sold his commission, and

entered himself in the Middle Temple. He would become a famous barrister, and glimpses of the great seal flashed across his ambitious vision. That dream did not last long; Richard Nash was not slow to discover that he had no more genius for law than for war. His refined manners, elaborate yet elegant courtesy, stood him, however, in good stead. Upon King William III.'s accession to the throne, that monarch, in compliance with time-honoured custom, accepted an entertainment at the Middle Temple. The Benchers requested Nash to do the honours, the ceremonial speechifying, and so well did he acquit himself that the king offered to confer upon him the honour of Knighthood. The reply of Nash was apt and prompt. "If your Majesty should condescend to create me a Knight, I would humbly beg that it should be one of the poor Knights of Windsor, as I should then have a modest income wherewithal to support the dignity." The king did not take the hint. Honour he was quite willing to bestow, but money and profitable places were required for very different claimants.

Nash was also treasurer to the Benchers of the Middle Temple, and when, for the last

time, he made up his accounts, one item therein greatly surprised the auditors. "For making one man happy, ten pounds." Mr. Nash explained that he had made a present of the ten pounds to a man who declared that such a sum would be his salvation—"would make him the happiest man in the world." The Benchers, not for a moment doubting his word, passed the item. This anecdote is a proof not only of Nash's good nature, but of the confidence which the Benchers must have had in his integrity.

The Barrister's gown, like the Ensign's uniform, was cast off, and Beau Nash, with no resource but his skill at play, ostentatiously devoted himself to the pursuit of pleasure—of sensuous but refined enjoyment. It is curious, too, that this man, whose hand was open as day to relieve indigence and misfortune, had an inveterate dislike to paying his debts. A gentleman to whom he owed twenty pounds having often and often applied to him in vain for payment, hit upon the expedient of asking a mutual friend to affect distress and borrow thirty pounds of Nash. The mutual friend did so, and Nash lent the money. On the next day the creditor called upon the gentleman, who was always generous, if not just.

After the common interchange of courtesies, Mr. Nash said, "Ah, I suppose you are come about that twenty pounds? Well, I dare say that in the course of a few weeks I shall be able to pay you."

"You have told me that story, my dear friend, a hundred times," was the reply, "but there is no necessity to tell it again. Mr. —, to whom you lent the thirty pounds yesterday, gave me twenty, and I have now to return you the difference." Nash, upon hearing that, flew into a violent rage, swore he had been swindled out of his money, and had he not been a rigorous disciple of the peace at any price doctrine, would probably have kicked his clever friend downstairs.

Richard Nash, Esquire, now determined upon a provincial tour, but his first essay was unfortunate. He must needs try his comparatively 'prentice hand at York, where he was completely cleaned out—lost every shilling he possessed. The sharpers by whom he had been fleeced were not altogether bad fellows of their sort, and agreed to return him fifty guineas if he would consent to stand in a white sheet for half an hour at the door of the Cathedral. Nash consented, and being recognised by one of the clerical dignitaries, to

whom he had been introduced in London, said, in answer to the dignitary's astonished inquiry as to what such an exhibition meant, that "it was a Yorkshire penance for keeping bad company!" Another proof of the low state of his exchequer at that period is that a man of his fastidious habits won a large wager by riding naked through a village upon a cow!

For some time Richard Nash, Esquire, remained under a cloud, but at last he turned up resplendently at Bath, the medicinal waters of which city had attained fashionable celebrity by a visit of Queen Anne, and the benefit it was alleged her Majesty had derived from their use. Nash was not only a man of fashion, an universal gallant, but a professed, and upon the whole, highly successful gamester — so successful that he was before long enabled to set up a coach drawn by six grey horses, and although often put to degrading shifts, managed to maintain a fictitious splendour, till he died in extreme old age—an apparent pauper.

His ascendancy in Bath society was quickly achieved, and so firmly established that his claim to be King of Bath was never disputed. Nash was a veritable despot of ball-rooms, and it must be admitted a judicious one.

Dancing began at six precisely, and terminated at eleven. This rule was peremptory, and never broken during his reign. The Princess Amelia, it is stated, was refused another dance after the fixed hour had chimed.

Some of the regulations framed by Beau Nash display sense and some slight humour. Duels, fought in hot blood, were frequent in those days, and to diminish the evil, and give time for reflection, the King of Bath refused to allow swords to be worn at either the Pump or Ball-rooms. Amongst the rules which he had printed and framed were these:—

“No gentleman shall give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen. N.B.—Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

“No gentleman or lady must take it ill that another dances before them, except such as have no pretence to dance at all.”

The anecdotes related of him are amusing enough.

He one night played a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and won the stake. One of the on-lookers, a poor gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, exclaimed in a subdued, soliloquising tone, but quite audible to the sensitive ear of Nash, “My God, how happy that money would make me!”

"Take it, then," said Nash, without an instant's hesitation—take it, and be happy."

The distressing case of a clergyman was brought under his notice. The income of the reverend gentleman was thirty pounds per annum, upon which he, his wife, and six children starved. Nash at once zealously exerted himself to relieve the unfortunate divine's necessities, raised a handsome subscription, and did not cease importuning his influential friends till he had obtained him a living worth two hundred and sixty pounds per annum. Whilst the subscription was going on, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, entered the Assembly-room, and addressing Nash, said, "I have come here without money. You must put something in the plate for me." "With pleasure, your Grace. One, two, three, four, five——" "Stop, Nash; five guineas are surely enough." "Consider the eminent position filled by your Grace, and the clergyman's cruel necessities. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven——" "Nash," remonstrated the Duchess, "you will drive me mad." "Twelve, thirteen, fourteen,"—Nash did not stop till he had counted as far as thirty, when, finding the Duchess was becoming furious, he held his hand.

Another creditable anecdote is thus told:

One Colonel Montague, a ruined gamester, endeavoured to inveigle a young lady of great beauty into contracting a marriage ruinous to both. Beau Nash baffled his scheme, and the enraged colonel forthwith challenged his Majesty of Bath. The "King," like a sensible man, refused to fight. The colonel left Bath, and joined the Dutch army in Flanders, where he served for some years in the ranks, and returned to England in such deplorable destitution that he was fain to join a company of strolling players exhibiting at Peterborough. Meanwhile the young lady, who had never concealed her partiality for the colonel, had come into possession of fifteen hundred pounds per annum. Beau Nash, who knew of the condition and whereabouts of Colonel Montague, invited the damsel and her mother to accompany him to Peterborough, giving no hint of his real purpose in going there. Arrived at Peterborough, the party went to the theatre. The piece played was "*The Conscious Lovers*," in which Colonel Montague, in the assumed name of Egerton, was to play Tom. The lovers instantly recognised each other, and there was a new scene of *Conscious Lovers* enacted. The young lady fainted; "Tom" bolted, and

another actor had to walk on for the part. Finally an interview was arranged, and Beau Nash, joining the hands of the loving couple, exclaimed, "Take her, colonel, and d——, say I, whoever attempts to part you."

The consideration shown by Beau Nash for the Earl Townshend was marked by a real magnanimity. The young nobleman had a perfect mania for gaming, but was utterly deficient in skill. He played with Nash, and lost everything—estate, carriages, horses, furniture. Nash gave back all, upon condition that he would not play again, and give a written promise to pay him, Nash, five thousand pounds, should he ever stand in need of the money. The time did come when the King of Bath was in pressing need of the money, but before that Earl Townshend was in his grave. Nash applied to the heirs, who honourably discharged the obligation.

This curiously constituted man, cringingly servile to the possessors of wealth and rank, so lavishly bountiful to the needy, who had worked for many months and with great ultimate success, in conjunction with Dr. Oliver, to found a General Hospital in Bath, and who, as his feeble foot-fall approached nearer and nearer to the setting sun, manifested a terror

of death as abject as did George IV. or Doctor Johnson, lived on—if his last years can be called life—till his eighty-eighth year. The day after his death the Corporation met, and voted 50*l*. to defray the cost of the “King of Bath’s” funeral. The worshipful Corporation did more even than that for the man whom they had left to die in indigence, as the following epitaph, engraved upon his tomb, in commemoration of his merit and the magnanimous liberality which induced them to perpetuate his memory will testify :—

Richard Nash, Esquire,
Died February 13th, 1761, aged 88.
He was by birth a gentleman,
And educated at Jesus College, Oxford.
He erected the City of Bath into a Province of Pleasure,
And held sacred Decency and Decorum.
Of his Noble Public Spirit
And
Warm grateful heart,
The Obelisk in the Grove
And
The Beautiful Needle in the Square
Are Magnificent Testimonies.

Sir Gerald Massey, Knight.

I do not know if Sir Gerald Massey, Knight, who died at Halifax, Yorkshire, in 1792, at the ripe age of ninety-six, was a progenitor either of Gerald Massey, the poet, or Mr. Massey, M.P., and chairman of Committees in the House of Commons. That, in a small way, he was both poet and politician, is not of course decisive evidence of such relationship. Sir Gerald was, at all events, a very odd fellow, not to be matched, I should suppose, by many of the tens of thousands of self-proclaimed odd fellows—the mass of whom I rather think are pretty even with the world.

Sir Gerald Massey was “picked up” in a field about two miles out of Halifax, by a shoemaker of the name of Cross. Not at all an appropriate cognomen; Charles Cross being a man of remarkable benignity, who, with not very large means—though he was one of the principal tradesmen in Halifax—“went about doing good.” The child was about seven

years old when found by Mr. Cross. He was clothed—if clothing it could be called—in dirty rags, and had fallen asleep in a gravel-pit from fatigue and exhaustion. The only account the boy could give of himself was that his mother and father were travelling tinkers, and that when he awoke in the morning they were gone. He had tried to find them, but could not; and hungry, weary, laid himself down, he believed, to die. His mother, the boy said, could read and write, but was the slave of her husband—not the boy's father—who cruelly ill-used her. He was always called Jim; but his mother, who might have known that her husband was determined to rid himself of the incumbrance, had written something on a piece of linen only a day or two before he was abandoned, and stitched it on the inside of his trousers. Mr. Cross examined the piece of linen, but could only make out clearly two words, "Gerald Massey." More had been written, but the ink had run, and the sentence, whatever it was, could not be read.

Mr. Cross took the boy home, and having no children, was gradually so won upon by the boy's endearing ways, that he adopted Gerald Massey as his own son. Gerald was placed at school, received a good plain education, and when of

the proper age was put to learn the craft of a cordwainer.

Gerald was a good boy enough, but he was refractory as to shoemaking. He could not abide it. A taste for tinkering—out of door tinkering—possessed the lad. With the pocket-money allowed him by Mr. Cross he procured the few tools and the materials necessary for the tinker-trade, and one day, before his benefactor had risen, set off “to seek his fortune” by mending pots and kettles. He earned sufficient to keep body and soul together, and inspired probably by the example of John Bunyan, with whom he had at least this resemblance, that both were tinkers, and conscious of possessing considerable talking ability, he commenced the practice in his twentieth year, perhaps earlier, of preaching on Sundays in the open air. At that period of life his creed was Calvinism—Calvinism in its most outrageous form—its blasphemous denial that the fountain of God’s infinite mercy is ever, and will for ever remain, open to all. This fit of fanatical enthusiasm brought Gerald Massey to grief more than once. He was finally cured of his preaching propensity by a long spell in the stocks, supplemented by a terrible whipping, at the cart’s-tail, through

the Yorkshire village of Upham or Updown. It seems hardly credible that even in those cruel days such punishment could be awarded to a man guilty only of preaching without a licence what he believed to be the Gospel. I cannot, however, find that any other charge was preferred against him.

Gerald Massey was not the stuff of which martyrs are made. He discontinued preaching, and made his way back to Halifax.

Mr. Cross, whose health was fast failing, received the ungrateful truant kindly, and was willing to let bygones be bygones, if he would thenceforth lead a steady, quiet life. Gerald Massey promised to do so, and kept his promise, till one day a woman, stylishly dressed, and attended by a servant, entered the place, inquired for Mr. Cross, and asked that person if it were true that he had found a boy, as she had been informed he had, in a gravel-pit, about two miles from Halifax, in 1696? Mr. Cross admitted that he had. The woman or lady said she was the boy's mother, and mentioned the circumstance of her having stitched a piece of linen with his true name written upon it inside the child's trousers. She also described some natural marks upon young Massey's body, and no reasonable

doubt could be entertained that he was, as she alleged, her son. Times had changed with her. The tinker husband had died—she had married Mr. Gerald Massey, a gentleman of fortune, the father of her illegitimate son. He, too, had been several years dead. She was in tolerably affluent circumstances; resided at a place near Appleby, Westmoreland, and had, after much difficulty, found by God's mercy her son and only offspring. Gerald Massey was out when the widow Massey called, and when he returned did not recognise his mother. The image of the mother, which dwelt in his memory, was that of a tall woman with dark hair. This woman was not more than a medium height, and her hair was brown, whereas the almost invariable tendency of age is to darken and whiten hair, as the case may be. Still Gerald—but seven years of age when he lost, or was separated from his mother, and over twenty years having passed since then—could not confide in the faithfulness of his memory, even with regard to that mother's personal appearance. Besides the temptation to believe, or affect to believe, Mistress Massey was his mother, would half unconsciously perhaps tinge his recollection—not sickly it over with the pale cast of thought, but shed

ding the glow of a luxurious future over the life of an aspiring young man who had suffered the ignominy of the stocks, and been publicly whipped at a cart's tail. Gerald Massey left Halifax with his real or pretended mother for Stone Hall, Appleby.

This narrative will be an imperfect one. I cannot discover anything of importance in the life of Gerald Massey till the close of the year 1727, when he went up to London to present an address of congratulation to George II. upon his accession to the throne; of condolence also, I suppose, for the loss of his father, George I. The new king knighted him—in very bad English—but it sufficed, and Sir Gerald Massey returned to his seat near Appleby in high feather. It is pleasant to know that his benefactor, Mr. Cross, having fallen into difficulties, Sir Gerald paid all his old and first friend's debts, and made his age comfortable and happy. Mr. Cross died in 1738.

When Mrs. Massey died I have not been able to discover. I should judge about 1740. At all events, Sir Gerald Massey soon after her death entered the army, was present in 1743 at the battle of Dettingen, behaved very well, was badly wounded, and—though the French were defeated and compelled to repass the Rhine

with precipitation—had the mischance to be taken prisoner. After confinement in a fortress for two years, he managed to escape, with the aid of a Frenchwoman who had nursed him whilst he was suffering from the wounds received in the battle. He safely reached England—the woman with him—where Sir Gerald married her—in London probably. Her maiden name was Marie Lefranc. Sir Gerald appears to have been ardently attached to her, and she bore him several children.

Soon after his marriage, Sir Gerald, who had given up his commission in the army, became infected with a mania for cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bull-baiting—entered with all his heart and soul into those refining amusements—converted one of his best rooms into a cockpit—baited bulls in his own park, freely admitting, spite of the remonstrance of his French wife, all the lowest rabble to witness the sports, at which he assisted, dressed in the highest style of fashion. These cock-fights and bull-baitings were immensely attractive, and hugely rejoiced was the small farmer or humbler rustic, if he was permitted to make a wager with the eccentric knight, as Sir Gerald always paid if he lost, and refused the

wagerer's money if he won. He never betted with gentlemen or with men of wealth. This game went on for several years, and Sir Gerald had gained a character for one of the best and oddest gentlemen in the whole country side. A man of rare pluck, too, was the knight. Ralph Button, a brawny pugilist of local celebrity, was given to cruel practical jokes. One hot day Sir Gerald, a great walker, finding himself some thirty miles distant from Stone Hall, and at a place where he was personally unknown, entered a humble hostelry, called for refreshment of some kind, and sat down amidst a number of rude peasants. It was Sunday—the time, afternoon. Ralph Button was there, swaggering and bullying after his usual fashion; but one especial object of his enmity and spite was a grey-haired man named Travis. The old man was guardian to a niece who would in a few weeks be entitled to the splendid fortune of one hundred pounds. That one hundred pounds was much coveted by the brutal pugilist, and the rejection by John Travis of his request to go a-courting the niece was savagely resented. After a good deal of bitter chaff on Button's part, he affected a wish to make it up, be good friends, and offered his hand to the old man in token of

his sincerity. The pledge of amity was accepted, and then Button, grasping the hand of Travis in his own, "and keeping the fingers straight," pressed them together with a vice-like force. Many people know by experience that this inflicts excruciating torture; and the old man yelled with pain. Sir Gerald, who was eating powdered beef, sprang up and struck Button in the face with such right good will, that blood spurted from his nose and mouth, and he let go the old man's hand. The brutal pugilist turned fiercely upon Sir Gerald. Had he mentioned who he was, Bully Button would not have dared to assault a titled, wealthy county magistrate, or the rustics present, who must all have heard of "good" Sir Gerald Massey, would have immediately interfered, and settled Button's business in a twinkling. Sir Gerald disdained to do so. A regular turn-up fight ensued, and after a contest which lasted nearly an hour, the thews and sinews of the pugilist prevailed. Sir Gerald was beaten into a state of insensibility, but not till he had inflicted severe punishment upon his adversary.

A doctor was sent for, and the injuries which Sir Gerald had received being very serious, and in the medical gentleman's opinion

might possibly have a fatal result, the patient's pockets were searched to ascertain whom he might be. To the astonishment and consternation of the landlady, and great delight of the doctor, it was found by papers or letters he had about him, that the man who had fought a vulgar public-house fight with a low professional bully, was Sir Gerald Massey, of Stone Hall, near Appleby! Button fled the county, and enlisted in the army.

Sir Gerald quickly recovered, and so little malice did he feel towards the brute, by whom he had been so severely beaten, that he made the fellow's mother—a paralytic woman who had been dependent upon her son for support, a present of ten guineas, and allowed her five shillings per week during life.

Not long afterwards, Sir Gerald Massey was engaged in a more serious contest than that with the pugilist. Captain Goldsworthy, a handsome *roué*, had dared in some way to insult Lady Massey at a ball given by Sir Lewis Leavenworth. It was afterwards alleged that the lady, in consequence of her imperfect knowledge of English, had misunderstood or misconstrued the words addressed to her by Captain Goldsworthy. That, however, upon the face of it, is unlikely. Women

know perfectly well when they are insulted, though they may not have a nice appreciation of the oral language in which the insult is conveyed.

Be that as it may—a duel with swords was fought between Sir Gerald and Captain Goldsworthy the same evening. Goldsworthy was run through the body, and died of the wound four days afterwards, protesting to the last that the offensive compliments he had addressed to Lady Massey were merely playful badinage.

The death of Goldsworthy had a painful effect upon the mind of Sir Gerald Massey. He had gone to ask the dying man's forgiveness, which was not given, and the white, ghastly face of the moribund, with its expression of hate and despair, haunted him for ever afterwards. It helped to cloud Sir Gerald's never very clear intellect.

Not long after Goldsworthy's death, an aged man, dressed in tattered apparel, and whom Thomas Barnes, an ancient servitor, recognised as a travelling tinker whom he had seen many years before, arrived at Stone Hall, and requested to see Sir Gerald. The request was refused; but the man would not be denied, scribbled something upon a piece of paper, which procured an immediate interview with

Sir Gerald. The interview was a long one, and at its termination the travelling "tinker" left the Hall, seemingly in the highest spirits, and "chinking gold money in his pockets."

Sir Gerald was not seen by any of the servants for several days after the tinker's visit. Lady Massey was taken ill, and had not recovered when the tinker returned—this time in high feather—and accompanied by Mrs. Justin, a youngish widow, and it was soon given out the relict of the nephew of the late Mr. Gerald Massey, who, but that the son had been discovered, would have inherited the Massey property. High words—fierce wrangling between the new-comers and Sir Gerald and his Lady, were overheard by the servants, though they did not catch the cause of the dispute. At last a compromise, it seemed, was effected—the old tinker and the young wife went their ways, and were not again seen together at Stone Hall.

Lady Massey's illness, owing, it was said, to nervous agitation, terminated fatally. Sir Gerald, in pursuance of a promise—it was exacted from him on her death-bed by his wife—became a member of the Romish Church, and a devout one. He left Stone Hall for London, returned in about a year, bringing with him a

bride, no other than the widow Justin, niece-in-law to Sir Gerald's reputed father. She had a grown-up daughter. Both were ugly, bitter-tempered viragos, and soon made the house too hot to hold Sir Gerald's own children. They left Stone Hall one after the other, fairly provided for, it is estimated, probably by an antenuptial settlement previous to the last marriage. Sir Gerald, after they were gone, seemed to weary of his life—took again to cock-fighting, bull-baiting, found the old pastimes flat, stale, unprofitable—essayed jockeyship, won a cup at some race, and horsewhipped Sir Claude Gregson, who refused, upon some futile pretence, to pay him a heavy bet.

All would not do. There was secret grief—some sting of remorse rankling in his bosom ; at least, it was so believed by those who had opportunities of observing him closely. Domestic strife helped to embitter his life—to weaken his intellect. Quite certainly a very hideous skeleton was hidden, but ever present to himself at Stone Hall.

At last, a few days after a visit from his confessor, Sir Gerald Massey disappeared. He had left no trail behind. There was search, languid search made by order of the widow, but nothing could be heard of him—nothing

authentic, that is to say. One report, to which more than one witness testified, was that Sir Gerald Massey had been seen pursuing the trade of a travelling tinker. This may be, and I think was true, notwithstanding that in 1762 he suddenly returned to Stone Hall, infinitely to the disgust and dismay of Lady Massey and her daughter, Charlotte Justin, who was on the point of marriage. The contract was broken off—postponed at all events. Sir Gerald appeared to be vehemently desirous of attending at the court of the young King George the Third, and ordered a very expensive dress in which to appear before the sovereign. Again a fit of caprice or insanity seizes him: he once more vanishes, and is afterwards seen by many persons in the streets of London, and its most frequented coffee-houses, always glitteringly attired, and known as the “Mad Baronet,” though baronet he was not. He was very charitable, especially to the class of “unfortunates,” and this without giving cause for any serious stain upon his moral character—in that regard at all events. Sir Gerald had taken care at his last visit to Stone Hall to secure to himself a regularly paid and sufficient income. The end came, as it will come to all, whether they be eccentric or

wisely self-governed. On the 18th August, 1792, a man—the mere skeleton of a man rather—was found in a kneeling posture by the grave of the first Lady Massey. There was no difficulty in determining that it was the corpse of Sir Gerald Massey, of Stone Hall.

Margaret Fuller.

THIS *very* eccentric American lady, daughter of Timothy and Margaret Fuller, was born in the State of Massachusetts on the 9th of May, 1810. She is known in Europe by her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a clever book, but far from justifying the prophetic laudation which she bestowed upon herself in comparatively early days. It is a striking illustration of the propensity of all strong-minded ladies to monster nothings. "Mine," she wrote, "is a large, rich, but unclarified nature. My history presents much superficial temporary tragedy. The woman in me kneels and weeps in tender rapture; the man in me rushes forth, but only to be baffled. Yet the time will come when from the union of this tragic king and queen shall be born a radiant sovereign-self." Strange hallucination! Amusingly wonderful the microscopic introspection which could magnify, transform mere fluent, erratic cleverness into even the semblance of creative genius! It is only the

air of America which can fill such self-glorifying trumpets as that blown by Margaret Fuller.

This intellectual prodigy—this spiritual king and queen, of which, in the fulness of time, was to be born a radiant sovereign-self—could not boast of the beauty of the tenement which enclosed so divine a soul: a defect, it has often been observed, common to intellectual female prodigies, and especially true, it seems, of this “mountainous me,” another amusing trick of self-description quoted by Margaret Fuller’s biographer, Mr. Emerson. Pity that a “mountainous me” announced, with flourishes of trumpets to deafen one, to be in travail with a new and more perfect Evangel, should invariably present the hopefully-expectant world with a tiny *ridiculus mus*! Mr. Emerson says, “the displeasing cast of her features was increased by a disagreeable habit of opening and shutting her eyelids, and the nasal tone of her voice.” This last peculiarly-national characteristic ought not, in fairness, to have been flung in Margaret Fuller’s face, plain as it may have been.

The home-nurture of “Mountainous Me” was not a judicious nurture. Mr. Fuller, who,

though a thorough business man, prided himself upon his knowledge of Greek and Latin, no sooner ascertained that his daughter had a capacity for retaining words in her memory, than he determined to rigorously educate her according to the classic and now well-nigh exploded formula. The child was relentlessly drilled into a knowledge superficial as, except in rare instances, such knowledge, if it deserve the name, must necessarily be. When only six years old, she could read Latin—at seven, Greek. The intellectual and moral education of Margaret Fuller had been accomplished. She knew the names of many things in three languages at least, and her mind had been elevated, purified by the study of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Martial's *Epigrams*, and other classicality. Mr. Fuller, a rigid Puritan, had no objection to his daughter amusing herself during the intervals of Sabbath worship with that refining literature; but when he caught Margaret on a Sunday afternoon with a volume of Shakspeare in her hand, he was exceedingly wroth. To read "*Hamlet*" on a Sunday was profanity—a desecration of the holy day. Could she not be content with Catullus or Petronius Arbiter? The pride of being able to read, however haltingly, imper-

fectly, Greek and Roman authors in the original, strangely blinds men to the filthiness of many classic writings.

The stern discipline which compelled incessant study of Greek and Roman literature was equally enforced with respect to other branches of learning, and the consequence was broken health, hectic nervousness, and spectral illusions. She would frequently start up in the night and flee shrieking from the horrible shapes with which her overwrought brain peopled her bed-chamber. *Positive* insanity might probably have been the result, but for the soothing influence, the compassionate tenderness of her mother, to whose worth Margaret Fuller testifies in a passage which does honour both to Mrs. Fuller and her daughter:—

“My father’s love for my mother was the one green spot on which he stood apart from the commonplaces of a mere bread-winning existence. She was one of those fair and flower-like natures which spring up even beside the dusty highways of life—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the florid buds. Of all persons I have

known, she had in her most of the angelic—that spontaneous love for every living thing—man and beast and tree—which restores the golden age.”

Windy exaggeration this, no doubt, but redeemed by filial love. And what were the first-fruits which this sternly-enforced semi-pagan education produced in Margaret Fuller? Chiefly a belief in the influence of the planet Jupiter, in omens, in *sortes*, in talismans, and in the occult power and signification of precious stones. “When I first met with the name of Leila,” wrote this transatlantic prodigy of intellect—this Mountainous Me—“when I first met with the name of Leila, I knew it in a moment, and said ‘it is mine.’ I knew that it meant night—night which brings out truths.”

Margaret Fuller herself was a precious stone of the masculine gender—a living carbuncle! Carbuncles, she said, were of two kinds, male and female. “The female casts out light, the male has light within itself. Mine is the male.” When writing to friends for whom she had a strong regard, Margaret Fuller always put on her finger a male carbuncle. If she were writing to less valued acquaintance, she would use an onyx or amethyst. She was, moreover, a firm believer in the mummeries of Mesmerism.

A pet project of Mountainous Me was to get up a female congress in Washington as a rival to the male bipeds who congregate in the Capitol,—herself to be president, because, I suppose, of her quality as male carbuncle. The assembly would be female carbuncles casting out light; but a president, whose chief duty it would be to keep order, maintain the decorum of debate, could require only the inner light. This serious silliness appeared at one time to have a chance of being adopted, and lively controversies, *pour et contre*, were printed in the American papers. The notion was perhaps not more ridiculous, more absurdly American, than the institution of baby-shows. It, however, like the babies, fell through.

All this while her contributions to the not very luxuriant literature of “the greatest nation on the face of the universal airth” were criticisms written for the *New York Tribune* and the *Dial*, poor pretentious stuff about upon a par with Horace Greeley’s political articles. John Sterling, son of the real old original Thunderer, whose life Carlyle has written, was, according to Miss Fuller, a poet of the highest order, Longfellow a mere rhymester; Beethoven’s music she declared to be the sub-

limest expression of which the soul of man is capable, and distinct, positive, literal in its meanings as human speech; an old, long-since exploded German extravagance, the assumption being pretty nearly as tenable with respect to music, as of colour, perfume.

And yet the woman who could write such outrageous folly was, for a long period, the observed of all observers in the literary circles of Northern America—the lion, or should it be lioness?—of *bas-bleu* coteries. The literati of the New World acquiesced with deferential recognition in the truth of her self-estimate, when before a numerous company she said, “I am acquainted with all the people worth knowing in America, and I have found no intellect comparable to my own.” Mr. Emerson says he was both delighted and astonished at her talking gifts. Surely there *must* have been something in this much-bepraised woman, although written records of her “philosophic eloquence,” if they ever existed, have been lost or mislaid.

Miss Fuller was a teacher in several establishments of high standing, and she was accustomed to say, with the quiet assumption of superiority which habit had made natural and easy to her, looking down upon her

audience as she spoke from the lofty stilts of a self-conceit unmatched in this used-up Europe, "that she had formed the minds of hundreds of young girls and men upon the model of her own unmatched intellect, as closely as natural inferiority would permit."

There was no intellectual achievement to which Miss Fuller, if we are to take her at her own valuation, was not equal. Like Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, she was a zealous protectionist, and more than once expressed a wish that she might be a member of the British House of Commons, in order to have an opportunity of extinguishing once and for ever the free-trade orators of that assembly—Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, John Bright, and others.

One Sunday morning it was announced at the chapel frequented by Margaret Fuller that the minister—one of the great pulpit-guns of a distant State—Illinois, if I remember rightly—had been seized with sudden illness, and as there was no substitute immediately available, the service would only consist of prayers and psalms. This was a great disappointment to the crowded congregation. Margaret Fuller beckoned to the chief office-bearer, after the minister of the chapel, and offered to preach a

sermon. Taken by surprise, the bewildered gentleman wonderingly acquiesced. Margaret Fuller mounted the pulpit and delivered a very eloquent oration,—quite as well, however, suitable to a temple of Jupiter Olympus, as to a Christian church. This bold *démarche* of strong-minded Margaret Fuller was not flatteringly commented upon at the time; but social, religious life is very crowded in America—extravagance succeeds extravagance—one pushing out the other in endless succession, and impulsive Miss Fuller's escapade was soon forgotten. One of her friends has affected to doubt the truth of the story. I must not omit to mention that a few weeks after the death of her father, of cholera, in 1835, a calamity under the influence of which her proudly-worn mantle of self-glorifying arrogance fell partially off, Miss Fuller, divesting herself for the nonce of her paganish, fantastic eccentricities, warmly interested herself in behalf of the miserable female outcasts shut up in the prison of Sing-Sing, and on Christmas preached to them from the text, "The bruised reed he will not break; the smoking flax he will not quench." About this time she enunciated in the columns of the *Tribune* her belief that had Shelley lived twenty years longer he would have become a

Christian, and so have attained the mental harmony necessary to him. The filthy rags of philosophic paganism woven by her early studies were falling off, giving to view the white vesture beneath them of a Christian maiden.

Margaret Fuller finding teaching—but especially writing—was “mighty dead work,” that “much study was a weariness to the flesh,” determined upon visiting England in company with a Mr. and Mrs. Spring. This was in 1847. Before leaving America it was arranged that Margaret Fuller, in a series of letters to be published in the *Tribune*, should repay with compound interest the libels on the social life of the wondrous republic perpetrated by such malignant scribblers as Frances Trollope, Charles Dickens, and others. “I will lay bare, anatomize that monstrous sham, English society,” wrote this formidable damsel; “and I regret that the keenness of the sacrificial knife may be perhaps dulled by the memory of an English lady, the first angel of my life, whom I met with in youth. But private feeling must yield to public duty.” Alas for England!

Before following this very singular lady to the old worn-out country, I may relate a few anecdotes of her early youth at the time when

she made the acquaintance of "the first angel of her life."

Her first vivid experience was, she says, one of death—the death of a sister, "a sweet playful child, in whom death and life were alike beautiful;" a bitter, enduring sorrow. There can be no doubt that there was in Margaret Fuller a fount of womanly tenderness—sympathy, which, allowed free play, would soon have swept away the incrustations created by a radically vicious education overlaying a true and generous spirit.

Her meeting and brief acquaintance with the English lady, "first angel of my life," the recollection of whom would, she feared, blunt the point of the sword intended to smite England under the fifth rib, I shall describe in her own words:—

"I was reading 'Guy Mannering,' and my eyes were wet and dim with tears drawn forth by the loss of little Henry Bertram, when an English lady of surpassing beauty, on a brief visit to that part of America, observing me, approached and accosted me. She did not question, but fixed on me looks of beautiful love. She did not speak many words; her mere presence was to me a gate of Paradise. I laid my head against her shoulder and wept, dimly feeling that I

must lose her and all who spake to me of the same things—that the cold waves would rush over me. She waited till my tears were spent, then rising, took from a box a bunch of golden amaranths. They were very fragrant. ‘They came to me,’ she said, ‘from Madeira.’ The departure of the Lady threw me into a deep melancholy, from which I was with difficulty roused. I kept the amaranths during seventeen years. Madeira for long, long afterwards, was pictured in my imagination as an Island of the Blest. And when ships sailed past the coast, their white wings glancing in the sunlight, I fancied they must be bound to happy, fortunate Madeira !”

This erratic young lady did some audacious things, but they were always dictated by a generous spirit. She, when about sixteen, was on a visit to an aunt and cousin, Mrs. Paulding and her daughter, who resided about ten miles from Boston. Mrs. Paulding’s only son, Arthur Paulding, had not long before married against his mother’s consent. It appears that his mother’s decided aversion to the match was not so much caused by the wife’s inferiority of social position, as that her family had grossly insulted and defrauded Mrs. Paulding’s deceased husband. The widow was inexorable,

and mentally registered a vow never to forgive, never to willingly set eyes upon her son—never, if he were starving, to afford him the slightest assistance. The rash young man very soon had pressing need of pecuniary help. He was desirous of going west with his young wife, but had no means adequate to the purchase of a wagon, horse, implements, and many things essential to such an enterprise. He wrote many letters to his mother, asking forgiveness and money. His sister Caroline sympathized with him, but could do nothing. A letter from him arrived, when Margaret Fuller was on a visit to her aunt and cousin. It was a request for a loan—merely a loan—of five hundred dollars. The letter was read by Mrs. Paulding, and cast contemptuously aside.

“‘Caroline,’” said Margaret Fuller, having previously taken care to place the appropriate carbuncle upon her finger; “‘Caroline,’” said Margaret to her weeping cousin, “‘you must act in this momentous affair for aunt, for your mother’s better self. She will live to bless you for so acting. From Arthur’s despairing, bitter letter, I fear poor Arthur—and we know his impulsive, yet positive disposition—will commit suicide. That would

kill your mother by slow, lingering torture. You write aunt's letters, draw and sign her cheques. Well, draw one for the five hundred dollars in favour of Arthur. I will deliver it to him with my own hand, and make some excuse to prevent his writing to acknowledge its receipt. Aunt is rich; she never examines her banker's or any other account, leaving all to you: you are, we may assume, your mother's only child. Her money, regarded from a moral point of view, is as much yours as hers. It is your duty, your positive duty, to do for aunt that which, temporarily dominated by unreasoning passion, she refuses to do for herself.'—Much more I urged to the same tune, and finally prevailed with Caroline, by the power which strong natures exercise over weak ones! The cheque was drawn, and I myself placed it in Arthur's hands. About two months afterwards my aunt was attacked with serious and, it was feared, mortal illness. The approach of Death, whose dread steps she fancied sounded nearer and nearer every hour, awakened, not alarm only, but remorse in her bosom. She bethought herself of the outcast Arthur; and calling Caroline to her side, bade her at once send Arthur one thousand dollars, and assure

him of her forgiveness. A cheque for five hundred dollars was sent immediately, and the matter was happily terminated. I believe that I rightly advised Caroline."

The voyage to England was a pleasant one: Margaret Fuller brought with her numerous letters of introduction to Carlyle and other literary celebrities of the land which she had promised to smite with the flashing sword of her incomparable wit and sarcasm. She carried out that promise to the best of her ability. Her letters on England are certainly not more stupid nor half so malignant as the rantipole rubbish lately written and printed by Hawthorne.

Margaret Fuller rather patronized Thomas Carlyle. She seemed to admit that the author of "Sartor Resartus" might almost take rank with the writer of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." No other English man or woman could she for a moment think worthy of being placed on so lofty a pedestal. Of English society, English manners, English people generally, Margaret Fuller, who had thoroughly gauged, analysed that "compound of sham," during her ten days' sojourn in England, spoke with serenity — superior, good-natured

disdain,—in that nasal tone of hers, and with full play of the unpleasant habit of opening and shutting her eyelids. France was much more fortunate than England, but for no Frenchman or Frenchwoman did she feel such esteem, such admiration as for Madame Dudevant (George Sand). She, if you like, was a model woman, cruelly maligned, especially by her numerous lovers, who must have known better than the outside world how good, amiable, charming she was, not perhaps according to the orthodox standard of an obsolete world, but judged by her own transcendental sense of right and wrong and the eternal fitness of things. Margaret Fuller had at last found an intellect equal to her own, or pretty nearly so.

Miss Fuller having exhausted, finished with France in something less than a fortnight, determined to visit and dissect Italy. There an event befel which saved the land of Dante and Tasso from being withered up, as England had been, by Margaret Fuller's scathing pen.

A Marquis,—a real live Marquis,—the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, made Margaret Fuller's acquaintance at Rome. He was a disciple of Mazzini, a Republican *pur sang*, and an idolater of the famous republic

destined in the near fulness of time to absorb the universe. No wonder that, although the illustrious Marquis was miserably poor, was never quite sure that he would be given this day his daily bread, "was unacquainted with books, destitute of enthusiasm, and remarkable only for good sense and good temper," he should have found favour in those everlastingly opening and shutting eyes of Margaret Fuller. Would not she by acceptance of that hand of his—empty as it might be—become the Marchioness d'Ossoli? Ah! if it were ever worth while, which I doubt, to catch in a matrimonial sense a strong-minded woman imbued with stern republican principles, you can find no surer bait than a title. Ladyship is a great thing—but Marchioness! good heavens! The Marquis d'Ossoli knew very well what he was about; a well-principled, gifted woman, if a little given to strange fancies, whose facile pen commanded a considerable revenue—in Italian estimation, was not so bad a prize to draw in the lottery of marriage. The "daily bread" difficulty would be got rid of; and the end was that Margaret Fuller became (1848) Marchioness d'Ossoli. The happy pair intended to leave almost immediately for the then United States; and the following

paragraph went the round of the American papers:—"Our highly-gifted countrywoman Margaret Fuller, now Marchioness d'Ossoli, is expected to arrive with her husband, the Marquis d'Ossoli, at New York, in the course of the next month."

Circumstances detained them in Italy—the Marchioness d'Ossoli became the mother of a fine boy, who was baptized Angelo, after his father. Marriage and maternity wrought a marvellous change in the lady. The supercilious pedant disappeared, and in her place was seen a true, trustful woman. An American lady acquainted with her since she was a child, and who had often been repelled, disgusted by her haughty self-sufficiency and petulant temper, was astonished at the transformation: "How unlike is she to the Margaret Fuller of former days! The masculine intellectual gladiator ready to challenge all comers, is now so delicate, so simple, so confiding, so affectionate, with a true womanly heart and soul, and, what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her." There could scarcely be a more striking illustration of the great truth, that a woman's natural, healthful life is the Christian life.

The revolution broke out in Italy. The Marquis d'Ossoli, an enthusiastic Mazzinian, was drawn into the vortex, and the Marchesa, fully sharing her husband's political principles, cheerfully accepted the office of directress of one of the hospitals for wounded soldiers during the siege of Rome by the French—one of the blackest spots in the pages of the history of France, in which there are very many black spots.

Rome capitulated—yielded after a valiant, stubborn resistance to overwhelming force. Garibaldi, his true wife Anita, with a remnant of his gallant followers, had previously left the Eternal City; and the Marquis d'Ossoli, who was deeply compromised, reached Florence in safety; the Marchesa, with her darling Angelo, soon joined him. They remained in Florence till May, 1850, supported in modest respectability by the proceeds derived from contributing to the American press by the untiring pen of the Marchesa d'Ossoli. The lady pined for home, to again embrace her mother, and on the 15th of May, 1850, the husband and wife, with their infant son and a servant of the name of Celeste, embarked from Leghorn in the *Elizabeth*, an American barque, James Harley master. Forebodings of shipwreck, common

to continental landmen, haunted the mind of d'Ossoli, and, from sympathy I suppose, were shared by his wife. D'Ossoli recalled to mind that he had been warned long since to beware of the sea, an injunction which almost all inland Italian mothers address to their sons. The Marchesa appears to have feared chiefly for her son, lest "he should be devoured by the howling waves or die in unsolaced illness." For herself she took very high ground indeed. "I am quite content," she wrote,—“I am quite content, if it *should be thought I need so much tuition in this planet*, to stay my threescore years and ten ; but it is borne in upon me that my earthly career will soon close. It may be terribly trying, but will not be a very prolonged agony ; God will transplant the root, if He wills, to rear it into fruit-bearing.” She prayed that if one was doomed to perish, all three—herself, husband, and son—might die together.

Her prayer was granted. On the morning of the 16th of July the *Elizabeth*, an ill-built, unskilfully-handled ship, after labouring through the night in a fierce hurricane, went ashore on Fire Beach, off the Jersey coast, America. Mr. Channing, in his graphic, solemn narrative of the afflicting catastrophe,

says:—"After twelve hours' communing face to face with Death, a sea struck the forecastle, carrying with it the deck and all upon it—the steward and Angelo were washed upon the beach, both dead, though warm some twenty minutes afterwards—Celeste the servant, and d'Ossoli were caught up for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up—Margaret sank at once—when last seen she was seated at the foot of the foremast, clad in a white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders."

Thus untimely passed away a gifted, high-principled, eccentric woman, who, for the healthy development of her very considerable powers, seems to have required but a prolongation of the better, the natural life which she had but recently embraced. Let us hope that the belief embodied in a sentence of hers, penned during the vigour of life, sustained her in the trying death-hour: "I have faith in a glorious explanation which will make manifest perfect justice, perfect mercy, perfect wisdom."

The Earl of Peterborough.

THE names of Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington, are household words in the country which gave them birth, but how many Englishmen, speaking in a comparative sense, are familiar with the marvellous, if eccentric, career of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, as daring a soldier as either of them?—the man to whom it is mainly owing that the magniloquent boast of Louis XIV., when he supposed his grandson the Duke of Anjou would ascend the throne of Spain, and by the French monarch's aid maintain himself thereon,—“There are no longer Pyrenees,” became an empty vaunt.

The date of the birth of this remarkable man was 1658, or thereabouts. His father was a zealous royalist, but Charles, Lord Mordaunt, the son, long before he had lived to manhood, hated and despised the restored Stuart, King Charles II., and his brother James, Duke of York. In his eyes they were both contemptible, worthless men. The military and naval glory

of England achieved under Cromwell, excited and inflamed his imagination. "The Protector's burial," he once observed to Algernon Sidney, "was, it is said, a grand affair; but what funeral honours ever paid to a hero could be compared with the thunder of De Ruyter's Dutch cannon in the Thames—echoing the shouts of a vile populace shouting in triumph over the exhumed bones of Cromwell and others, gibbeted by order of the second and worst Charles Stuart!"

A spare small man was the great earl—spare and small as Nelson, but, like the great admiral, of an unconquerable, fiery spirit. He was the firm friend of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, and passionately resented the murder of those true heroes. Nevertheless, he managed to keep clear of the clutches of the law. Judge Jeffreys himself could find no pretence to hang him, ardently as he desired to do so. There is a laughable anecdote which may account for Jeffreys' baffled anxiety to weave a hempen necklace for Lord Mordaunt. This happened before the judge was raised to the judicial seat, at least I conclude so, though the data upon which I ground this supposition are confused and contradictory.

Jeffreys, I have to say, whether barrister or

judge, courted, not honourably, a peasant lass living as servant to a Mrs. Curtis, at Parson's Green. The girl's name was Sophia Crowe. Jeffreys had made an assignation with the silly wench, who was to meet him at some place near Fulham, in a hack-coach which he would send for her. By some means the young Lord Mordaunt became acquainted with what was going on. The *Gentleman's Magazine* opines that he was smitten with the damsel himself. At all events he took care that the assignation should not be kept. Possibly he made a confidant of Mrs. Curtis. Be that as it may, Sophia Crowe did not keep the appointment, and Lord Mordaunt did. The coach was to arrive at an appointed spot at a particular hour—evening. It did so, and a nicely attired young lady, but wearing a thick muffler, was in waiting. She gave the signal agreed upon, entered the coach, and was driven off to London. Jeffreys welcomed the lady with rapture, and presently found that the charming damsel upon whom he was lavishing his endearments was—Lord Mordaunt! Very provoking, one must admit.

A very wild slip was Charles, Lord Mordaunt. Admitted behind the scenes of courtly and clerical life—such as that courtly and clerical life was in the days of Charles II., he was

early an entire sceptic, not only as to the Divine Right of Kings—but Revelation. It may be doubted that he believed in a future existence. He had a sovereign contempt for “popular preachers.” One would fancy he was writing about Mr. Spurgeon when he says—after the great and learned Selden, by the way—“To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. They love a man who d—s them, and then run after him to save them.” This fatal scepticism—open, avowed scepticism—made him innumerable enemies, and was one main cause of his disparagement by the chroniclers of his time. He had, it seems to me, something of Percy Bysshe Shelley’s spirit, though not gifted with poetic genius. He would in a spirit of antagonism have torn up and cast into the furnace all the creeds in the world, though sadly conscious that there was nothing which could fill their place. The whole family would appear to have been afflicted with the like bigotry of unbelief; the despair of a future. Philip Mordaunt blew his brains out after inditing the following doggrel :—

“L’opium peut aider le sage,
Mais selon mon opinion,
Il lui faut au lieu d’opium,
Un pistolet et du courage.”

Both Charles and Philip Mordaunt were members of the "Hell-Fire" club—an association of "noblemen and gentlemen" who not only discountenanced Christianity, but engrafting stupidity upon scepticism, denied the existence of a Creator. Blasphemy has never been so rampant in England—has never raised its brazen front in high places with such audacity as during the reigns of the sons of the Stuart of pious memory—whose execution for high treason in making war upon his people, if we are to accept the dictum of cleric flunkeyism, can only be expiated by the consumption of salt fish and egg-sauce on each successive twenty-ninth of January.

Charles, Lord Mordaunt, led for some years a wild, eccentric life. At eighteen years of age he fell into a love-craze for a pretty actress of the name of Barton, and had she not been a wife, though living apart from her husband, might possibly have married her. As it was, the young lord joined the company of strollers to which she belonged, passing under the name of Nepas, and played Benedict to her Beatrice at Worcester, with tolerable success. The love-fit passed away, and the young nobleman, aware that the chief cause of the temporary dissolution of partnership

between Mr. and Mrs. Barton was the "woful want o' siller," visited the husband at his lodgings in Great Titchfield-street, London, and bluntly proposed to make him a present of five hundred pounds, upon condition that he returned to cohabitation with his wife. Mr. Barton gladly consented, and for aught that appears to the contrary, they lived afterwards happily together. Lord Mordaunt had borrowed the money upon his personal bond.

At last an opportunity was afforded of entering upon the state of life for which nature had fitted him. The depredations of the Barbary pirates upon British commerce had reached such a height that even the pusillanimous Government of Charles II. found itself compelled to send a fleet to the Mediterranean under the command of Sir John Narborough. The mode in which Blake had dealt with those gentlemen was to be feebly imitated. Lord Mordaunt volunteered his services : they were accepted, and he joined the English squadron. Sir John Narborough was not Blake, and little was done except by an attack with boats under the command of Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the harbour of Tripoli. The Algerine corsairs, moored under the shelter of

batteries and armed with, for that age, powerful artillery, deemed themselves perfectly secure, there not being sufficient depth of water for the much heavier English ships to close with them within cannon-shot. The corsairs were mistaken. The English boats dashed on to the attack, the pirate ships were carried, captured, burned, and one of the foremost in the fray was Charles Mordaunt. "He is true metal, and if he has a chance will go far," remarked Cloudesley Shovel, in one of his letters.

Mordaunt had no opportunity of "going far" at that time. The heart of England, tested by the Government of England, had collapsed—at least was only capable of slight, spasmodic action. Peace at any price was advocated in the Sybarite court of Charles II., as it is in the counsels of a noisy, if in an essential sense utterly uninfluential party, of the present day. Lord Mordaunt had no option for a man of his temperament but to plunge again into the licentiousness and laxity of London life.

But a better time was coming. The Stuart incubus would be speedily thrown off. Charles II. outwardly professed Protestantism during his scandalous life, though he died with the Host sticking in his throat; but James II.

honestly avowed himself to be a Roman Catholic. The dynasty was doomed, and no one saw that with clearer insight than gay, giddy, reckless Charles Mordaunt. The marriage of the English Princess Mary with William of Orange naturally attracted the eyes of the English people towards that prince, and Lord Mordaunt was one of the first of eminent Englishmen who went over to Holland to endeavour to prevail upon William to make a descent upon England, and free her from the yoke of a Papist king. The prince listened, but could not commit himself by a positive declaration. The English army, numbering forty thousand men, he remarked, and commanded by Lord Churchill too (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) would be far too many for such Dutch troops as he could transport to England. The English army, Mordaunt assured him, would not fight for James. Churchill himself was disaffected. The prince gave heedful audience to all that Mordaunt had to say, but the young gallant returned to London, unassured that the Prince of Orange would really embark in the enterprise of delivering England, and placing the greatest crown of all the earth upon his brow. The enterprise, not at all an audacious one, was, we all know,

finally resolved upon by William of Orange. James was the mere simulacrum of a king. His troops, who, had they been willing to fight for the Papist king, would have made short work of the Dutch deliverers, deserted James; the nation had withdrawn from him, and that which is known as the glorious Revolution of 1688 was accomplished with the utmost facility. Lord Mordaunt played his part—not a very conspicuous one—in the drama, but does not appear to have gained much favour at court. No command of importance was offered him, and he again subsided into the restless unrest of London life.

An amusing anecdote is related as having occurred just about the time of the flight of James. Mordaunt was in love—it may, indeed, be doubted that he was ever out of love. Mordaunt was in love with a lady who had a fancy to a beautiful canary belonging to the proprietress of a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and insisted that her noble lover should at any price procure it for her. Lord Mordaunt endeavoured to do so, but the landlady refused to part with her pet for any sum of money. The lady insisted. He must bring the canary, or not presume to see her face again. Thus goaded, Mordaunt hit upon a clever expedient.

Searching the depôts of bird-fanciers, he found a canary closely resembling the superb songster which had so charmed his lady-love; but it was a *hen* canary, and could not chirrup a note. Hastening to the coffee-house, Lord Mordaunt contrived to get rid of the landlady—a Catholic, and devoted loyalist—for a few minutes, and adroitly substituted his female for the male canary. After a considerable time, he called at the coffee-house and asked the proprietress if she did not regret having refused the handsome offer he had made for her bird. “Oh dear, no,” said the woman, “he is more precious to me than ever; for do you know that since our good king was compelled to leave his kingdom, he has not sung a single note!”

Here is another freak of his. Driving along King-street, Covent Garden, in his coach, on a muddy day, he noticed a comedian dressed out in extravagant fashion. The man was probably going to dine with some grand friends. The sight stirred the bile of Mordaunt, who at once stopped the coach, sprang out, and drawing his dress-sword, pricked the astounded player, principally in his calves, “which were out of proportion,” till the man, despairing of rescue—there were no day police in

those good old times—and running for his life, slipped down, and was bemired in the slush of the street. Lord Mordaunt sheathed his sword, helped the bedevilled player up, and on the morrow made such ample money amends that the player said “the mad freak of the eccentric lord was about the best benefit he was ever likely to get.”

On the 19th June, 1697, Charles Mordaunt succeeded to the earldom of Peterborough. Stirring events cast their shadows before. The death of William III., the accession of a woman, Queen Anne, to the English throne, was deemed a fit opportunity for realizing the dream of Louis XIV.—that he was destined to restore the empire of Charlemagne—not immediately, perhaps, in its entirety—but to a great extent.

The “Grand Monarque” was much mistaken. The Queen of England happened to have in her service two great men, the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Peterborough. Her valiant soldiers and seamen would be well commanded, and to discerning eyes the horizon was bright with the coming glory of England.

England, victorious England, met Louis XIV. in the Low Countries, under the guidance

of Marlborough. In Spain, the Earl of Peterborough trampled into dust the pretensions of the French king to annex practically Spain to France.

An expedition was prepared in 1705 at Spithead, and placed under the joint command of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Lord Charlemont, and the Earl of Peterborough. The military force consisted of between three and four thousand men. They were an undisciplined set of men, but being made of the true soldier-stuff, something might be made of them under energetic leadership.

The destination of the force was Barcelona, Spain, and its purpose was to assist Charles III. in resisting the pretensions to the throne of St. Ferdinand of Louis XIV.'s grandson.

The expedition was only saved from ignominious failure by the eccentric earl. The fortress of Monjuich commands Barcelona, and Lord Charlemont, Sir Cloudesley Shovel approving, decided that the English force was utterly inadequate to storm it.

The Earl of Peterborough demurred to that counsel, and resolved to ascertain personally if the defences of Monjuich were so unassailable as was asserted. To do so, he disguised himself as a peasant—a French peasant—charged with

conveying to the commandant of the fortress a written message in cipher. The letter written in cipher was not fictitious. Lord Peterborough had intercepted, but not opened it. A courtesan of Barcelona, with whom he had formed acquaintance, informed him that the Count Beauvilliers, disguised as a peasant, was the bearer of an important missive to the commandant at Monjuich, and would sleep at her house. The Earl's measures were swiftly and silently taken. Monsieur le Comte Beauvilliers was rudely awakened at the dead of night, and hurried away to strict confinement; the missive, or letter, having of course been taken possession of. It was from the Spanish General Las Torres.

Armed with that document, Lord Peterborough boldly presented himself at the citadel, was admitted, and the genuineness of the document he carried being known to the governor of the fortress, not the slightest suspicion was felt. The supposed Count Beauvilliers was treated with the highest distinction, and allowed to roam at his pleasure over the castle. He soon came to the conclusion that Monjuich could not be carried by open assault, and returning to the English camp, agreed with Charlemont that the enterprise was a hopeless one, and that

the troops ought to be at once re-embarked. Preparations to do so were immediately commenced. The garrison of Monjuich were thus thrown completely off their guard, and whilst lulled in that fool's paradise, and keeping slack watch and ward, were surprised in the night by the Earl of Peterborough, who, stealthily creeping up to the walls under cover of night, succeeded in surprising and mastering the garrison. The capital of Catalonia was lost to the French Pretender to the Spanish crown. Charles III. wrote the Earl a very complimentary letter upon his bold and fortunate achievement. Lord Charlemont did not second Peterborough's daring. He was left alone in his glory. He practised and, as far as I know, was the inventor or originator of a new system of war-tactics. The problem to be solved was, how he, with one hundred and fifty dragoons, could drive the army of Las Torres, numbering some ten thousand men, out of Valencia? Rather a hard nut that to crack. Peterborough did it. His entirely unscientific strategy was to despatch a few of his troopers, previously well instructed, and whom he could trust, to the enemy's lines. They were deserters, and informed Las Torres that an army, thrice as strong as his own in

numbers, was advancing rapidly in the hope of taking him at a disadvantage. A few dragoons, the advanced guard of an overpowering force, would herald the approach of that overpowering force. The device succeeded. The army of Las Torres, panic-stricken at the sight of the "advanced guard" of dragoons, fled precipitately, and Peterborough, by like artifices and dash, daring, consummate skill, his renown rapidly attracting thousands to his standard, released the northern provinces of Spain from the Anjou yoke, and rendered, as I have before remarked, the grandiloquent phrase of *Le Grand Monarque*—"Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées"—an empty vaunt. But it is not my purpose in this paper to dilate upon the military skill of the Earl of Peterborough—to sketch, however briefly, his wonderful Spanish campaign. It was successful; Charles III. owed his crown to the English earl. That is eulogy enough. It is the end which crowns the work. Earl Peterborough, though a disbeliever in the divine inspiration of Scripture, could not deny the truth of one of the sacred texts—"Put not your trust in princes." The recompense for his great services was a royal request that he would quit Spain. The Spanish officers were jealous

of the great Englishman. It was ever thus. The Conde de Toreno, for a short time Prime Minister of Spain, wrote a book a few years ago to prove that the great battles in the Peninsula, where England met Napoleon, were mainly won by Spanish soldiers! But the other day an official paper, published at Vienna, enraged with Lord Palmerston for his denunciation of the atrocious aggression upon valiant little Denmark by the two preponderant German powers—great in no sense of the word can they be called—said that after all there might be some truth in Baron Muffling's assertion that it was the Prussians who really won the battle of Waterloo—Prussia, that had not one soldier killed in the conflict, which finally checked, for nearly fifty years, the tide of French impetuosity and success. This, however, by the way.

Lord Peterborough was, fortunately for himself, not dependent upon the favour of kings. He returned to England, took his seat in the House of Peers, and made a short, sensible speech there, when an attempt was made by the right reverend bench of bishops to pass an act of Parliament making it penal to speak against the Thirty-nine Articles. "I am content," said Lord Peterborough, "with

a parliamentary king, but I refuse to acknowledge a parliamentary religion—a parliamentary God.”

Like many other men of original genius, he appears, notwithstanding his military proclivities, to have held the gewgaw glories of the world very cheap. High, fashionable society wearied and disgusted him. He was in the habit of taking long walks into the country, and upon one occasion met with a remarkably pretty girl, with whom he was much struck. She was the daughter of a miller, one James Smithers, and a modest, worthy girl. On the following day Lord Peterborough, giving the name of Copp, and attired in homely fashion, presented himself at the mill, obtained an interview with James Smithers, and offered a large sum—the amount is not specified—to be taught the art and mystery of the miller’s craft, making, no doubt, some plausible excuse for the request, which was complied with, and Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, under the name of Richard Copp, positively worked in a mill near the village of Wheatstone, for several weeks, in the hope of ingratiating himself with Jane Smithers. He did not succeed; “pretty Jane” was engaged privately to the son of a neighbouring farmer, and one

fine morning it was discovered that she had secretly married a week previously! The Earl was fiercely wroth, and in his rage revealed his rank. One can hardly suppose that John Bunt, the successful rival, and husband of "pretty Jane," would have appropriated the miller's daughter had the Earl tempted her with a coronet. As it was, he had not only lost his love and the money-premium paid to the miller, but got himself laughed at, sung in ballads, and altogether made to cut a very ridiculous figure. The authenticity of this anecdote has been questioned, but there can be little, if any, doubt of its essential truth.

The celebrated soldier was soon again over head and ears in love. This time the lady was Miss Anastasia Robinson, a singer on the public stage. The Earl was so struck with her charms that he immediately sought an introduction. This was refused; the noble lord's character being but too well known, and the beautiful Anastasia a young woman of virtue and high principle. She lived at Chelsea with her father, who always escorted her home. He was but a feeble man, who could only afford her moral protection. One night, at one of the most solitary spots on the road to Chelsea, at that time really a suburban village, their

hack coach was stopped by two craped horsemen, and their purses demanded under pain of immediate death. The lady was fainting with fear, when the gallop of horses rapidly approaching was heard, and the visored ruffians fled in apparent terror and dismay. The horsemen rescuers were the Earl of Peterborough and two of his servants; the pretended highwaymen also were his servants. His lordship's introduction to Anastasia Robinson was thus effected under very favourable circumstances; though one can hardly believe that so shallow a device—the precedent circumstances considered—could have imposed upon a lady, of whose clear insight of men and things the Earl thought so highly: "She reads a love-swain," he wrote, in his usual affected style—"she reads a love-swain as easily as she does a love-song."

Deceived in the highwayman affair or not, the Earl could only obtain Anastasia Robinson by making her his countess. They were married; but, to the Earl's dishonour, he insisted that the marriage should be kept secret, and the Countess of Peterborough, whilst openly living with her husband, continued to sing on the stage as Anastasia Robinson. This gave occasion for a striking

dramatic incident. The lady happening to tread upon the professional toes of one Signor Senesimo, that individual taunted her with being the *mistress* of Lord Peterborough. The insult was bitterly resented. The Earl happened to be in the theatre—probably behind the scenes—when informed by his wife of what had taken place. Signor Senesimo had gone on again, and was flourishing away in a favourite bravura, when he was suddenly assailed by Lord Peterborough, and most unmercifully caned; the audience, though ignorant of “the reason why,” greatly applauding such an unexpected episode in the opera. They knew that the assailant was Lord Peterborough, and that he was caning an Italian foreigner. *Sufficit.* After this incident, the marriage of the Earl to Anastasia Robinson was acknowledged, and the Countess retired from the stage.

The marriage was kept secret so long for no better reason, it appears to me, than that Peterborough was laying pretended siege to the heart of Mrs. Howard—the mistress of George the Second, and by him created Duchess of Suffolk. The Earl’s fulsome love-letters, written, no doubt, for the purpose of obtaining, through the favourite’s influence, some

employment in which he could win additional honour or fame, have been published, as have also the lady's answers. The Duchess fooled him to the top of his bent. Her vanity may have been gratified; but the great soldier's honeyed phrases did not beguile her into a belief of his sincerity. She accepted his homage, but did not, for a moment, think of rewarding it—and the ridiculous correspondence ceased, without the Earl profiting in the slightest degree thereby.

The dreams of ambition faded away—the eccentric, wayward, defeated life of the Earl of Peterborough was drawing to its close, and he withdrew with his good and faithful wife to a residence on Bevis Mount, about a mile distant from Southampton, and commanding a view of some of the most charming scenery in the world. There he for a time rallied in both mental and bodily health. It was but the last flicker of a lamp of which the oil is spent. Advised that a warmer climate might benefit him, he embarked for the Azores, and died during the voyage out. The last object upon which his glazing eyes were bent was his wife—the last name which trembled on his lip was hers—Anastasia!

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Sir Samuel Smith, Attorney-at-Law.

THE first start in life, upon his own account, of this English worthy and true gentleman, a life which exceeded by five years, within a few days, the orthodox span of man's existence, was an unpromising one. It lived but faintly in his own memory. He recollected, dimly recollected, that he once lived in a pretty house, was nicely dressed, and that having been put to bed as usual, he upon awakening found himself in a donkey-cart, wrapped in rags. He must have been about five years old, not perhaps quite so much, and being terribly frightened began to cry bitterly. This, a man and woman in the cart, whom he had never seen before, put an immediate stop, to by cruel chastisement. They gave him nothing to eat but bread, which his stomach rejected, for which daintiness of appetite he was again severely beaten. Sleep, as darkness drew on and the earlier stars glinted forth, relieved his misery, and when he awoke, the donkey-cart was motionless and empty, standing before a house

in which loud revelry was going on—a public house, no doubt. The street was crowded with people, and the poor little boy contrived to creep out at the back of the cart, drop without much hurting himself on the pavement, and run off with the intention of getting back home. He had been running some time, becoming every moment more terrified, when whilst passing a street a brewer's dray ran against him. He was knocked down, and remembered nothing more till he found himself in bed in a strange place, sedulously attended to, and though in great pain, comforted by the kind looks of the people about him. His right leg had been broken by contact with the dray, and he had been carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield. The child's leg was set; his blood was in a healthy state, and he got rapidly well. When asked his name and where he came from, he could give no further information than that the gentleman's name was Smith, himself Sammy Smith. This gentleman came to see him sometimes, and was always cross. Once a lady came, who kissed him and cried very much. That was not long before he was kidnapped. There was but one servant kept in the pretty house, an elderly woman, who was very kind, but forbade him to ask questions

about anything. He could not tell the name of the county where the house was situate, though he should be sure to know the place again. Barbara would, he was sure, cry bitterly when she found he had been stolen away. This was all. The rags he had on when brought to the hospital afforded no indication. The only course would be to send him to the poor-house as soon as he was fit to be removed.

This would have been done had not a casual nurse in the hospital, the wife of Edward Lovegrove, a journeyman watchmaker, who lived in Hosier-lane, Snow-hill, taken a fancy to the friendless boy, and having but one child of her own, a girl named Fanny, about his own age, decided with her husband's consent to adopt the little fellow. Fanny and Sammy grew up together as brother and sister, and received the same homely education. Inquiries were set on foot by the hospital and parish authorities, but without substantial result. One man called in the dusk of evening and left fifty guineas for Samuel Smith the foundling, together with a note expressing a wish that the said foundling should be bound either to Lovegrove himself or some other tradesman, to induce him honestly to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow. The donor left no name. Once in the dusk of

evening a lady clad in deep mourning, the lady who kissed him and cried, met him on Snow-hill. She seemed to have been waiting for him. She caught the boy up in her arms and almost smothered him with kisses, sobbing passionately the while. The gentleman "who was always cross" came up, and with angry words, "the meaning of which, except that they were angry words, I did not understand, took the lady away. A coach was waiting for them, into which they got and drove off. The lady had left a big purse in my hand. It contained fifty guineas. This was a godsend to my benefactor Lovegrove. He was, I afterwards knew from his own lips, much in debt (for him) at the time, owing to a fall in Church-lane, by which his right wrist was strained, and he rendered incapable of work for many months. This was a grand chance for me—though I could then have had no notion of its importance—to return the mighty obligation I was under to my honoured benefactor and benefactress."

Mr. Lovegrove thought to teach his adopted son the trade of watchmaking, but the lad felt no vocation for the business. For some years he had a mania for tending the sick in Bartholomew Hospital, whither he often ac-

accompanied his foster-mother, as we may call Mrs. Lovegrove. He had great tenderness for suffering, a heart readily responsive to the sad music of humanity, and became an immense favourite with both the professors and patients in the hospital.

This whim of the boy mainly determined the course of his life. Antony Firmin, an attorney in large practice, residing in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, whilst passing beneath or near to a scaffolding in East Smithfield, was knocked down and grievously injured by the falling upon his shoulders of a hodful of bricks. A labourer going up a ladder had missed his foothold, fell himself, was killed on the spot (the man was drunk), and the bricks falling in a compact shower upon Mr. Antony Firmin's head and shoulders, prostrated that gentleman with terrible violence—made him bite the dust, in classic phraseology. An action for assault and battery would clearly have lain against the hodman had not the grim serjeant Death superseded it by his final *ca-sa*. Mr. Firmin was forthwith conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The case was a serious one; removal to the sufferer's own house impossible. "For seven weeks it was not certain that he would outlive the day or

night." Mr. Firmin was a bachelor; had no relatives; none, at least, who cared for him, or for whom he cared. Mrs. Lovegrove was his nurse; but his constant, assiduous attendant was young Samuel Smith. The lawyer, discerning the intelligence of the boy, and appreciating his kindly nature, took a great fancy to him. The end so far was that Samuel Smith entered the office of Mr. Firmin as copying clerk; when older, and having proved his integrity, the young man was articled, the expenses being defrayed by his master, Mr. Firmin.

The vulpine, if eccentric intellect of Samuel Smith had found its true vocation. Mr. Firmin had a good criminal as well as civil practice. The former was chiefly attended to by Smith, and his success in getting up cases in defence of accused persons became notorious. He was not a valuable ally in prosecutions—very far from it; and more than once was known to have privately given hints to counsel for prisoners, to help to convict whom Mr. Firmin was fee'd, which led to their acquittal. When he had convinced himself, rightly or wrongly, that a client was innocent of the imputed crime, there was no device to which he would not have recourse to free him or her from the meshes of the blind, iron law.

She had considerable success in that vocation, and was still engaged therein when she died in 1779, in her fifty-seventh year.

This brief memoir of her erratic career differs essentially from any previously written one; but is, I believe, strictly accurate as far as it goes—though unavoidably incomplete. It is thought, for example, that Amazon Snell was present in a great naval battle fought in the West India waters; but I can find no record of the fight in any authority which I have been able to consult.

bread. Cartwright and Dunstane had both married shrews—vixens. The criminal overtures of both the rascals were rejected with disdain by Phœbe Somers, who gave notice to leave, but without informing her mistress of the reason why she did so. Thereupon a plot was concocted by Cartwright and Dunstane to entrap the beautiful orphan into their power. The “Gentleman’s Magazine” says there were two single plots and one double plot. I do not understand this. All which appears certain is, that Phœbe Somers was accused of attempting to poison the Cartwright family. The case in some particulars resembles that of Eliza Fenning, whose judicial murder not so very many years since so strongly moved the national conscience. The Dean of Faculty, pleading at Glasgow for Madeleine Smith, charged with having poisoned her lover, Langelier, made, it will be remembered, effective use of that terrible catastrophe.

Phœbe Somers was, I repeat, accused of having attempted to poison the Cartwright family.

These were the circumstances:—Phœbe Somers made a cake, a rich cake, the occasion being the birthday of Caroline Cartwright, a girl ten years of age, her father’s eldest child. All who partook of the cake were taken ill,

but not, as it proved, dangerously. Phœbe Somers did not eat any portion of the cake. There was nothing in that, as she was not allowed to eat pastry of any kind by Mrs. Cartwright. Neither did Mr. Cartwright eat of the cake, "though he was known to be fond of sweet stuff." The cake was eaten, every crumb consumed, and, as before stated, the consumers were seized with violent sickness, though of brief duration. A medical inquiry was ordered, and the conclusion arrived at was that poison—mineral poison—had been administered, and in the cake. There does not appear to have been any scientific chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach of either sufferer; but a conclusive proof that mineral poison had been mixed up in the cake was held to be that the blades of the knives with which the cake had been cut had turned blue. This absurd conclusion was pronounced to be decisive by no less than three learned physicians—Doctors Forsyth, Leadbetter, and Jennings.

The dough of which the cake was made had been delivered at the house by one Frederick Jenkins, a young man in the employ of Dunstane. He had the same morning delivered other parcels of dough. They were all speci-

ally directed. A split flat piece of stick with the name of the customer written upon it was stuck into each lump of dough. This was all he (Jenkins) knew about the matter, so he said; but 'cute Samuel Smith, who was in the police court unnoticed, Mr. Firmin not having been then retained, afterwards recalled to mind the deponent's white face and his shaking speech whilst giving evidence.

Phœbe Somers was committed for trial on the capital charge of attempting to poison the Cartwright family. There was no great hubbub about the business. Newspapers were few and guarded. It was very different from now, when rumours, unsifted rumours, which practically prejudge the accused, take the wings of morning and fly to the uttermost corners of the earth. That gross injustice is a modern institution.

I now give an almost literal transcript from Samuel Smith's diary. The spelling is changed, and a considerable amount of surplusage made up of lover-rhapsodies omitted. There is, however, quite enough retained.

"CHRISTMAS DAY: I have now seen Phœbe Somers for the fourth time since we have been engaged by Mr. Barstone of High Barnet for

the defence. Pity is, they say, akin to love. I think and am sure it is. I first pitied the sweet girl, and now I adore her with an extravagant fondness. We understand each other. The deep, the unsuspected deep of a fount of tenderness in my heart is broken up. The ecstasy of a new joy overwhelms me. I know she was guiltless of offence—of the shadow of crime. I did not require her to assure me of that. I felt even annoyed that she should assure me of her innocence. But I am not the world. I must act, not dream. I shall struggle with fate till I come off victor. To dally with danger is to be lost.”

“JANUARY 2ND: Dunstane has a servant lass of the name of Nugent, Susan Nugent. I have met her several times at private theatricals in Greek-street, Soho. She goes out by the sly, and is a clever, unscrupulous devil, if I am any judge of character. A comely lass too. Would like to be married to a theatrical husband and go on the stage. I once played Romeo to her Juliet. She is of a warm temperament, and for such a girl, represented the Veronese bride with fire and spirit. The best of it is that she only knows me as Greville Arlingford, my theatrical name, and

believes me to be a young man of quality who has run away from his fine home in the country. I daresay that I by hints and innuendoes suggested that belief. She must have thought me a little crazed, too—not far wrong in that, perhaps. I always, when attending these private theatricals, dressed in fine fantastic attire, and sported a spruce young-beau costume hired for the occasion. I was a favourite with her. I have not the slightest doubt she would condescend to marry me did I solicit so great a favour. Something, I thought, might come of this intimacy. My suspicions point to Dunstane, the more steadily that he has through this very Susan Nugent conveyed hints to Phoebe that he and he only can save her from the scaffold, clear her good name, and make manifest her innocence. This was very cautiously glanced forth—as one may say, conveyed—previous to the final commitment, to the prisoner by looks, nods, gestures, rather than by absolute words. Yes, yes; Susan Nugent is in the black secret.”

“This terrible business quite unhinges one. I feel as if oppressed by nightmare. The world seems dark at noon-day. The weather, to be sure, is gloomy, even for this gloomy time of the year. I have seen Cartwright in my

proper capacity as Mr. Firmin's confidential clerk. He is a thorough wretch, a villain of the deepest dye. With a diabolic leer, for which I could have stabbed him, he said it was possible he might be induced not to press the prosecution. That would depend upon the young girl herself. I endeavoured to make him speak more explicitly. He is too wily a fox for that. What is to be, what can be done?

"I have met Susan Nugent by appointment in Hatton-garden. She is certainly a very clever girl. Somehow she seems to divine my thoughts. Her hawk-eye pierces through one like a sword. She has inquired concerning me of Mrs. Lovegrove, having by some means discovered who and what I am—that I am Samuel Smith, parentage unknown, possibly base, instead of Greville Arlingford. She is not, however, the less friendly. She seems to be governed by romantic crotchets. Fancies that I shall turn out to be a lord or lordling, and is ardently desirous of sharing my fortunes, shadowy as they may be."

"Nugent can save Phoebe Somers if she choose to do so; I feel almost sure of that. It is a moral conviction only; but not the less firmly held. Frederick Jenkins, the lout who

delivered the dough, is as madly attached to her as I am to Phœbe Somers. It is by him I think she would work out Phœbe's deliverance, if I would but pay the price."

"A very fanciful price. Susan, I have said, has a notion that I am a stray slip (at the worst) of some grand family; and that some day I shall be converted into a rich, prosperous gentleman; emerge suddenly from my grub-chrysalis state, and soar, like a richly-gilded butterfly—she, Madam Butterfly, accompanying—into the empyrean of fortune and fashion. Till that blessed time shall arrive, which can hardly be anticipated till the third volume of this improvised Minerva-press romance of life approaches completion, we can pass life charmingly away, having first been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as Mr. and Mrs. Greville Arlingford, as first actor, first actress in a provincial strolling company of players. It is very comical. I laugh obstreperously—miserable as I am in mind. Susan is, however, perfectly serious; and knowing the strength of the ligature by which I am bound, has no doubt of being able to noose me. Truly I should be a precious prize."

Samuel Smith was, laugh as he might, securely noosed. The day of trial for Phœbe

Somers wore on. A true bill for the capital crime of attempting to murder the Cartwright family was found, and the opinion of the counsel consulted by the prisoner's solicitor unmistakeably foreshadowed a verdict of "Guilty," with the regulation "sus. per col." to follow within forty-eight hours. In the good old hanging times, execution was done within that number of hours from the delivery of the judgment to die. The maker of a bill of exchange or promissory note had then as now *three* days' grace allowed, which clearly shows that the wisdom of our ancestors accurately appreciated the immense difference between the value of men and money.

The Old Bailey sessions sometimes lasted three or four weeks. The trial of Phoebe Somers would not come on in less than nine or ten days from the finding of the true bill. But what would avail that brief respite? Smith was in despair. Mr. Firmin did not believe there was the slightest chance of the deliverance of Phoebe Somers from the frightful doom of an intentional murderess. Very likely there were links in the chain of circumstantial evidence which, from the imperfect reporting of those days, have dropped out of the narrative.

This I cannot but think must have been the case, as upon the face of the matter the evidence appears utterly insufficient, not only to warrant a conviction, but to justify the commitment for trial.

There was but one way. Samuel Smith finally determined to pursue that one way. He sent a scrawl by a sure hand, requesting to see Susan Nugent at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, without delay. The girl came at once. The interview is given at great length by Smith, but the substance can be compressed into a small compass. It is a very queer story. Its truth alone makes it interesting.

Susan Nugent declared with a positiveness which imposed upon Smith that she could save Phoebe Somers, but her price was marriage with *him*! Overwhelmed with despair, and after an afflictive farewell with Phoebe Somers, he again met Nugent, and agreed to be her husband. The nuptial knot was to be tied on the morning of the day fixed for the trial. The marriage was celebrated at Saint Sepulchre's, the Reverend Mr. Onwhyn officiating, at half-past eight in the morning. At about eleven the trial came on before Mr. Justice Goold, the Recorder assisting.

The proceedings will be best understood, and

the story told, by a summary of the examination of the witnesses.

Cartwright called. Said he had partaken of a cake made by the prisoner. He was very ill afterwards. His wife and children, who had eaten of the cake, were also seized with violent pain in the stomach—retching. Had been informed that the cake contained arsenic.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Bowles: He was not aware that the prisoner could have any motive for poisoning himself and family. Had he (the witness) ever solicited the prisoner in an improper way? Witness did not understand what was meant by the question. Serjeant Bowles: "Oh, no one can understand the question more clearly than you do, Mr. Cartwright." Here Mr. Justice Goold remarked that counsel must not make speeches under cover of cross-examination. "My lord, I made a remark, not a speech or the fragment of a speech," returned Serjeant Bowles. "Well, well," said the Justice, "go on." Serjeant Bowles to witness: "Did you ever solicit the prisoner in an improper manner?" "No." "Have a care, sir. Have you not done so indirectly?" "No." "You have spoken with Samuel Smith, Mr. Firmin's clerk?" "Yes." "Did you say it depended

upon the prisoner herself whether or not you would prosecute?" "I do not remember." "You do not remember? That will do." Mr. Justice Goold thereupon remarked that he did not see what essential bearing the questions of Mr. Serjeant had upon the case. Mr. Serjeant retorted warmly. There was a sort of scene, which, however, does not appear to have lasted long. The trial proceeded. Dunstane was called. He looked pale and trembled very much. He said that the dough he had sent to Cartwright's was the same he sent to all other customers. He would swear to that. Being asked and much pressed by Mr. Serjeant Bowles as to whether he had not given a powder to his man, Frederick Jenkins, to be mixed with the lump of dough to be delivered at Mr. Cartwright's, Dunstane fainted and was carried out of court. The medical testimony was given, and though it was much shaken by the learned serjeant's cross-questioning, it evidently made a strong impression on the jury. The case for the Crown was closed, and no one in the court doubted that the prisoner would be convicted. Mr. Justice Goold asked Serjeant Bowles what possible answer he could make to such a case. "My lord," said the serjeant, "were I allowed to

“speak I could make a sufficient answer, humble as may be my abilities, to the case for the prosecution, without calling one witness for the defence, and——” Mr. Justice Goold (interrupting) said, “I will have no speeches, Mr. Serjeant, in defence of felons.” Serjeant Bowles : “That is a remark which your lordship ought not to have made.” Mr. Justice Goold : “How? What is that? Do you presume to correct me?” “I presume,” said the serjeant, “to do my duty to the unhappy girl whose case is entrusted to me. My client is *not* a felon ; and no man, though he be seated on the bench, has a right before conviction to call her so.” Here there was applause in court, several of the jury joining therein. Mr. Justice Goold rebuked them, and said he made use of the term “felon” not as specially applicable to the prisoner, but in the sense that counsel were not allowed to address the court and jury on behalf of persons accused of felony. After some further talk the learned serjeant called Susan Nugent. She was sworn by that name, though she had been married to Smith three hours previously. The young woman deposed that she knew her master, Mr. Joel Dunstane, had a liking for the prisoner, Phœbe Somers ; knew it from various circumstances ;

also knew that he had sent to her to say that "if she would promise to be kind" no evidence worth a straw would be brought against her; she herself had taken the message. Frederick Jenkins could, however, tell all about it. He was Mr. Dunstane's man. Cross-examined by Counsellor Sherlock: "Frederick Jenkins was a sweetheart of hers?" "Yes." "Would do or say or swear anything if he thought it would please her?" "Did not know about that. Thought not." "You are going to be married to him?" "I don't see, Mr. Counsellor, why you should catechize me about that; suppose I am and suppose I ain't, what then?" "You are a smart damsel." "Many better-looking men than you have told me that." (A laugh.) Counsellor Sherlock had no more to say to the bright-eyed, sharp-tongued damsel.

Frederick Jenkins called by Mr. Serjeant Bowles. Said he was in the employ of Joel Dunstane. Remembered taking a "lump of dough" to Mr. Cartwright's. His master and Cartwright were very intimate—very—often talked together. One morning Mr. Dunstane called him into his private room. He said, "Fred, you want to marry Susan, and she won't have you?" "Well, perhaps not." "I know," says he, "she won't unless you can

get a little money to set her up in some little way of business." "I said that was true." "Now," says he, "can you be trusted." "Yes," says I, "when it's worth my while." "Ah," says he, "yes, and I'll make it worth your while. Now," says he, "look here, —" Mr. Justice Goold, again interrupting, said, "Be careful, young man : be careful. I don't like your manner, I promise you. It is too glib. Be careful ; speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—this you have been sworn to do ; and *remember* that you have sworn to tell all the truth, and the truth only." The young man said he knew that very well. He declared that he saw his master mix something with the lump of dough which was sent to Mr. Cartwright. It was a white powder shaken out of a blue paper, a little bag. "He did not know that I saw what he was doing. He afterwards told me to be sure that I delivered the *right* lump of dough to Phœbe Somers, Mr. Cartwright's servant, as it was made of very fine flour and mixed with milk instead of water." Witness promised to do so—to be *very* particular. Did not think much of the matter at the time. Knew master had said to the prisoner's friend from Barnet—did not

remember his name—that all would be right if she would promise not to be a fool.

Upon cross-examination, the witness said he had not mentioned the circumstance of having seen his master mix powder in the dough till he heard of the illness which had overtaken the Cartwright family; and then, perhaps two or three days afterwards, to Susan Nugent. Susan Nugent did not advise him to go before the magistrate and state what he knew. She said he had better keep quiet. She *had* persuaded him to come and “speak up” at the trial. That was the reason he had come. “Were he and Susan Nugent sweethearts?” “Well, yes.” “Anything more than sweethearts?” Witness boggled and blinked and said he didn’t quite know. (A great laugh). “Were he and Susan going to be married?” “That’s just as it may be.” “No doubt as it may be, but when will it be?” Witness could not say, and wouldn’t if he could. “It is no business of Mr. Counsellor.” “Will it be next week?” “Mayhap yes, mayhap no.” “Susan Nugent is a particular friend of one Smith, Mr. Firmin’s clerk, he that is employed to defend the prisoner?” “Smith is a sweetheart of the prisoner. He had told him so, and said Susan is a

cousin of his, and had known each other from childhood. She (Susan) wished her well, and that she could get her out of the trouble. Knew nothing about the white powder; it might be sugar of lead, anything in creation as far as he knew. Did not want to know either. It was no concern of his. What should the counsellor badger him so for?

It is needless to dwell further upon the report—the halting, imperfect report of the trial. The result was the acquittal of Phœbe Somers, the jury, however, having taken more than six hours to consider their verdict. Had the Scotch jury system prevailed, “Not proven” would no doubt have been the verdict. The jurors would seem to have been neither satisfied that the prisoner was guilty or innocent, and it is possible that the charge of Mr. Justice Goold, which was dead against the prisoner, by exciting a feeling of antagonism in the minds of the jury, may have helped to the liberating verdict. At all events the testimony of Nugent and Jenkins had cast so much doubt upon the prisoner’s criminality that the jurors gave her the benefit of that doubt.

So far Samuel Smith’s conduct, judged by ordinary rules, is intelligible enough. It is true that few young men would have married one

girl whom he did *not* love, for the chance of saving the life of another girl to whom, though he madly loved her, he must thenceforth be as a stranger—brother we will say. Still, in the exaltation of a fervid, romantic passion, such a piece of folly, shall we call it? may be understood. But how are we to comprehend Samuel Smith's motives for bolting away from London on the morrow of his beloved's acquittal, merely leaving a brief note for Mr. Firmin, which duly stated that the writer was disgusted with the law and London, and should not again appear at the office. Dr. Southey has hazarded an opinion—which, however, the sequel of the story does not, as I think, bear out—that the evidence given on the trial—imperfectly, tamely, as I have said, reported—convinced Smith that Phœbe Somers was really guilty. In the distraction of mind induced by that belief he resolved to leave his familiar haunts for ever, to seek in new scenes oblivion of the past and peace for the future. Whether he took formal leave of Mrs. Lovegrove and her husband is not stated; I should suppose he did, for he was warmly attached to them. He may not have said upon what mad errand he was bound or with whom he was about to journey.

It is pretty clear that he left London about a week after the acquittal of Phœbe Somers, without seeing the damsel of his affections, and in company with his bride. They departed upon a strolling expedition, and obtained an engagement at Rochester, Kent. The acting was done in a barn, or large outhouse. The salaries were not very magnificent, we may be sure, and not so regularly paid as dividends on Consols. The pair managed to live, exist, vegetate, during three years and upwards, at about the end of which period Samuel Smith appeared as clown in Richardson's booth in Bartholomew Fair.

He was then the father of two children, who were taken care of by Mrs. Lovegrove, whose lovingkindness for her *enfant trouvé* was constant and unabated. The wife, towards whom Samuel Smith appears to have comported himself with unvarying kindness, finding from doleful experience that she had no real *paying* talent for the boards, had taken service with a family of the name of Sawkins in Cheapside.

Mrs. Lovegrove—her husband was dead—grieved to the heart to see her adopted son figuring as clown at Bartholomew shows—his clown name, by the way, was Rayner—took upon herself to see Mr. Firmin, the

attorney. She found wifeless, childless Mr. Firmin in a state of rapidly-declining health. He had made inquiries after Smith, without success, and was muchgrieved and disquieted about him. He at once penned a letter, which he gave Mrs. Lovegrove to be delivered to Smith without delay. Everything was to be forgiven and forgotten. Samuel Smith was requested and implored to return to the office; a liberal salary would be secured to him, and a home provided for his wife and children. Smith, thoroughly tired of his Bohemian existence, accepted the offer, resumed his former employment, cohabited again with his wife, had his children home, and lived happily with them. Mr. Firmin died and left the business and a large sum of money to Samuel Smith—all he possessed, with the exception of some trifling legacies. Samuel Smith, attorney-at-law, was a moderately rich man, with the prospect of becoming much richer.

Sad misfortunes, which we are truly told come not single spies, but in battalions, befel him. His wife—a good, loving wife—sickened of fever and died. Mrs. Lovegrove caught the infection, and soon followed Mrs. Smith to her long home. Then the children in quick succession were carried to their

graves. Samuel Smith was a lonely, melancholy man.

He had not heard of Phœbe Somers since he left London, a few days after her acquittal; had made, as I take it, no inquiry after her—at any rate, only occult inquiries, which led to nothing. But it may be presumed she had never been absent from his thoughts.

Mr. Firmin had left many bundles of papers, which Smith examined at his leisure. They chiefly related to bygone, concluded transactions, which possessed no interest, and were burnt as soon as read. One evening, while so engaged, he lit upon a note, much less discoloured by age than the others, which gave him a real heartquake. It was in the handwriting of Phœbe Somers—a sorry scrawl which he knew well. It was a request for money assistance. Mr. Firmin had relieved her before, but she had been unable to obtain a situation, the verdict of acquittal not having effaced the stain of guilt which public opinion had branded her with; and this was a humble, very humble, request for further aid. It was also asked if any tidings had been heard of Samuel Smith. There was no address; if there had been one, it must have been torn

off. A *mem.* in Mr. Firmin's hand was subjoined to the letter: "I shall send the poor creature two guineas. She will soon, I fear, be on the town. Poor thing!—poor thing! But I am afraid she was guilty, and so must S. have thought, or why did he run away?"

This fragment of a paper was too much for Mr. Samuel Smith. He had recourse to all sorts of agencies—had bills posted, one of which is to be found in the British Museum, describing her, with, I should suppose, much flattery. It was all in vain; he did not hear of her, nor the faintest inkling of her whereabouts. She was dead, probably; had passed from crowded life, unmarked, uncared for.

I shall not add another line of my own. Sir Samuel Smith must himself conclude this, I fear, tedious and assuredly not very lucid narrative.

"The business grew apace: I made money rapidly. But glitter of gold is not sunshine of the soul. Odd, too; but I was a very odd fellow, everybody said. Odd, too, that I gained much of my money by that very oddness. That peculiarity took this shape, at least this was one of its shapes. I used to hunt about the purlieus of the two big theatres, about

Ranelagh, peep under gay ladies' bonnets in the hope of discovering her beneath, at whose glance the latent fire in my heart had leapt to flame. This behaviour of mine excited curiosity — caused amusement. 'He, that youngish-looking man in green spectacles (coloured spectacles were a new, a comparatively new invention)—that youngish-looking man, but he is no chicken,' I have heard people say, 'is Mr. Samuel Smith, Attorney-at-Law! He, don't you remember? who conducted the great suit of Tredgold *versus* Cummins, and was complimented in open court by the Chief Justice.' 'Ah, I know: a queer card, ain't he? Something wrong in the upper works? Something about a woman?' 'Very likely, but I don't know.' That is about a fair sample of the remarks upon my singular self I used to hear.

"But I could not find Phœbe Somers. Though I was most anxious about that girl—I could not help thinking of her as a girl, though at the time I am now writing she could not have been much less than forty. I come to the crisis of my life. Any-one, any unfortunate who had a grievance or a supposed grievance that might be redressed, came to me. I obtained great

praise, as all the world knows, for undertaking the suit of Charlton *versus* Charlton, the defendant one of the richest men in Suffolk. He married privately, but by regularly published banns, Mary Shepherd, a pretty, nice girl, under the name of Rogers. He thought to evade the obligation of marriage by that shallow device. I showed him the contrary—no great merit on my part. No man can avail himself of his own wrong. But I am babbling—a bad habit, though it is only upon paper. The only thing was that I had conducted the suit at my own cost and risk—very unprofessional, no doubt of that.

“I was sitting in my private room one afternoon, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies—the former very faint, scarcely discernible—when a clerk announced Miss Danby. I bade him show the lady in.

“Miss Danby was young, very young—not more than eighteen. I judged that at the time, and knew so afterwards. She was dressed in half-mourning, and wore a thick black veil. I invited her to be seated, and presently she lifted her veil. Heavens! how startled I was! The lady was Phœbe Somers, young, fresh, radiant as when I first saw her. To be sure the radiance was somewhat eclipsed by the atmosphere

of Newgate, but its star-lit purity pierced through.

“‘Miss Somers!’ I exclaimed, impulsively. ‘No, sir; my mother’s maiden name was Somers. I come from her to you.’ I sank—fell back into a chair, overwhelmed with a rush of emotion. Her mother! The train of ideas set in motion by that word swept through my brain like lurid lightning; and, ridiculous fool that I was, I burst into a passion of tears. That ever a middle-aged man and lawyer could be such a spoony, beggars belief—fact, nevertheless.

“I at first listened to Ellen Danby’s story like one in a dream. I heard what she said, but did not catch, realize the sense, the meaning. My thoughts were far away. I was living again in the old time. Rousing myself, I apologized for my inattention, and asked her to begin again.

“‘My mother, Mrs. Danby, I was saying, sir, is very ill, cannot leave her bed. My father is also indisposed. You appear to be suffering, sir. Shall I go away and return after a while?’

“‘No, no,’ I said, ‘go on; a sudden spasm, nothing more.’

“‘My mother only knew where to find you

a few weeks ago, and then by the merest accident. (The business had continued to be carried on as Firmin & Co.) You once rendered her the greatest service, she says, that one person can render to another, and in addition she owes entirely to you the splendid position she has occupied for twenty years, and from which, if you cannot help us, she will be cast down. My mother thought to have written and sent you a full statement of the trouble she is in, but afterthought suggested to her that I had better call and have a personal interview with you.' (I understood that quite well. Phoebe Somers knew the effect which the apparition of her second-self would have upon me.)

"Go on, Miss Danby, go on. But first tell me what you meant by saying that Mrs. Danby owes to me the splendid position she has occupied during the last twenty years.'

"The explanation is very simple, sir. A lady who, as I understand, took great interest in you when you were a child, having seen reports in newspapers—newspapers which mentioned your name in connexion with the infamous accusation brought against my mother—endeavoured to find you out. She was then a widow——'

“ ‘ Her name ?’

“ ‘ Mordaunt; Mrs. Mordaunt of Beach Hall, Essex. Not being able to obtain news of you here, sir—you had gone away, as I understand, no one knew whither—Mrs. Mordaunt sought and found my mother. The result was that Mrs. Mordaunt engaged her as companion. The time passed; no one heard of you. Archibald Danby, Mrs. Mordaunt’s nephew, fell in love with my mother. They were married with Mrs. Mordaunt’s full consent. They have lived happily together. We are nine children, sir. Nine: mother has not lost one. Do I pain you, sir?’

“ ‘ No, no; go on. Why do you come to me?’

“ ‘ Mrs. Mordaunt, sir, died about a twelve-month since, leaving all the property to my mother. An elder nephew of hers—elder to my father—has now stepped in, and claims everything as heir-at-law. It appears that by ante-nuptial settlement,’ continued Ellen Danby, reading from a memorandum in her hand,—‘ it appears that by ante-nuptial settlement between Julia Royston and Philip Mordaunt, it was agreed that only in case of their dying without issue could the survivor dispose by will of the property.’

“ ‘Well, yes ; I understand. Go on again, I say.’

“ ‘My mother, sir, believes that you are the true, direct heir—that the property is yours.’

“ ‘What do you say ? Your mother believes that I am the direct heir of a Mr. Mordaunt ? What mockery is this ?’

“ ‘It will, I hope, be found to be no mockery, sir. But you had better, sir, read this paper—drawn out by my mother—yourself.’

“ I read it, and, ridiculous donkey that I was, should have passionately kissed the writing—well known to me—but for the young girl’s presence. The substance may be briefly stated : Mrs. Mordaunt’s marriage had been a clandestine one, contracted in defiance of the well-known will of Philip Mordaunt’s father. The consequence was, that I, the offspring of the union, was brought up in concealment, and called by the name of Smith. There were documents, it was said, which would prove that I was the legitimate heir. Mrs. Danby, having by accident heard that I was alive, and where I was, had determined upon appealing to me. She preferred being in my hands rather than in those of Sir Gervoise Mordaunt, the grasping nephew who was the eager claimant for the estates.

"After the affair was, legally speaking, finally disposed of—my legitimacy and heirship proved—I, for the first time, ventured upon a visit to Beach Hall. Phoebe Somers (Mrs. Danby) was but slightly changed. What the Americans describe as an Indian summer—a summer of the soul—shed its light, its mellow light, over her well-remembered countenance. The children were charming children, the husband a mild-mannered man. All were depending upon my fiat. Never shall I forget the thrill of ecstasy which flashed through me as, rising to depart, I presented Mrs. Danby with a Deed of Gift, conferring upon her the whole of the property, real and personal, to which I had been proved to be the heir! Never!

"After all, though people have called me madman, eccentric dotard, and all sorts of pleasant names for so acting, I made no very wonderful sacrifice. What did I want with the three or four thousand a year derived from the Mordaunt estate? My business is a lucrative one—very lucrative. I am rich. Ellen Danby's marriage portion was a handsome one. I danced at her wedding. Shall I hope to do so at the wedding of her brothers and sisters? Danby and I are cronies, and it is agreed that when I

SIR SAMUEL SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 221

leave off business I shall take up my abode at Beach Hall."

Mr. Samuel Smith was knighted in reward of his successful exertions in the case of Throgmorton *versus* the Earl of Bute.

Amazon Snell.

THERE is no denying that the glare and glitter, the pomp, pride, circumstance of war, have a strong fascination for the great mass of mankind; ay, and not only of men but of women. There are thousands of undeveloped Jeannes d'Arc, Maids of Saragossa, in the world. It is useless to indite homilies in rebuke of this propensity. No sylvan pipe can stir the blood, or quicken the pulse, as does a trumpet. If the teachings of the New Testament have failed to bring about effective abhorrence of war, the Society of Friends, now the fast-diminishing disciples of a fallen faith, may well despair of the task. Amazon Snell was one of such bellicose girls, but has not, like the French and Spanish heroines, been so fortunate as to have her exploits celebrated by a Lamartine and Byron in magniloquent prose and verse. Amazon Snell's eccentric heroism will have a far humbler chronicler, though her courage was as great, her patriotism as ardent, as those of the maids of Orleans and Saragossa.

Amazon Snell by popular, Hannah by church baptism, was born in Fryer-street, Worcester, in 1723. Her father was a hosier and dyer, and she was one of a family of nine children, three sons and six daughters, all of whom, with one exception, became soldiers or sailors, or the better-halves of soldiers and sailors. The sensible exception, Mary Snell, married one James Gray, a house-carpenter, who finally settled in Ship-street, Wapping, London.

They were a very martial family ; enthusiastic partisans of the Protestant succession, and inveterate haters of the expelled Stuart dynasty. Samuel Snell was the first to enlist, and got his *quietus* at the battle of Culloden. It was a stirring time. The "Pretender" was as great a bugbear to the simple English folk of that day, as Bonaparte was some sixty years ago. Mrs. Snell was a good ballad-singer ; had a fine, if not highly cultivated voice, and mainly educated her children by warlike songs. Hannah had also a fine organ, but cared little for music except that of the fife and drum. The young girl actually organized a company of boy-soldiers, nominated herself captain, and used to parade the city of Worcester at their head. It was thus she earned the *sobriquet*

of Amazon Snell. She was a good-looking damsel, and captivated the affection of one of her youth-soldiers—the son of a principal goldsmith established in Worcester—to such a degree that his father's suspicion of the danger to which his only son was exposed being aroused, he insisted upon the discontinuance of the amateur soldiering and the acquaintance of the too attractive Amazon. The poor youth fell ill, and so seriously that the alarmed father sent for Mrs. Snell, waived his opposition to the match, and took his son into partnership as soon as he attained his twenty-first year. It wanted but about seven months till then. The doctor had said it would have a beneficial effect upon his patient if Hannah would see him. Mrs. Snell was in ecstasies. Such a match could not have been hoped for. Her husband was equally delighted. The fortune of the family was made, Mr. Sawyer being reputedly worth twenty thousand pounds at the very least, and ailing—ageing too, very fast. He was a widower, and had no other child. It was thought he would, being senior alderman, be elected to the dignity of mayor in the following year. An immense lift in life this for the Snell family. Well, yes, it looked so; but the same agency which “gave the infant

world a shog," and furnished a theme for the "Paradise Lost," upset also this woman's promising project. Amazon Snell—Snell is a disagreeable name for a heroine; but it cannot be helped—Amazon Snell consented to visit her rich lover—she did so. The cordial proved effective, real elixir-vitæ, and Sawyer, junior, was soon convalescent. Not for long. The enamoured swain had not comprehended—certainly had not fully appreciated—the force of eccentricity which prompted a young woman to form a company of juvenile soldiers, and march at their head—drums beating, flags flying—through the streets of Worcester. He no doubt looked upon it as a passing, romantic whim—something to make merry about during their blissful honeymoon. He was dreaming in a fool's paradise, as so many of us have done in the morning of life, "when the blandishments of passion," to quote Johnsonian pomposity; "take the reason prisoner." Amazon Snell, as soon as he was quite recovered, suddenly checked his rapturous aspirations by the announcement that she would never be married except to a soldier. The insipidity of trade-life disgusted her. Could he prevail upon his father to obtain him a commission in a horse or foot regiment? If

he could, she would be his wife, follow him faithfully to the wars; if not, she would remain single. Sawyer, junior, who had not the slightest vocation for soldier-life, decidedly demurred to such a proposition. The world, with all its substantial comforts and elegances, would be theirs. Why on earth, therefore, should he dress himself up in a red coat for the express purpose of being shot at? The Amazon expressed her profound disdain of such unheroic reasoning. He, Charles Sawyer, was, it was quite evident, "of the earth—earthly," and no fit mate for her. The amazed lover appealed to the damsel's parents. They were quite as indignant as he, and angrily remonstrated with their daughter upon her folly. But the warrior-soul of the Amazon was no more to be subdued by parental threats than mollified by a lover's tears. Fearing that coercive measures might be had recourse to, the damsel set off, *without* beat of drum, for London, and took refuge with her sister, Mrs. James Gray. This was in 1741, when she had consequently reached her eighteenth year. The wilful girl was not reclaimed by father or mother, and the forsaken lover consoled himself, before many months had passed, with a wife of less combative proclivity. A good exchange, in a marital sense

I mean, with all respect for the Amazon's heroic qualities.

While staying with her sister, Hannah made the acquaintance of one Jan Summs, a Dutch mariner, belonging, as she believed, to the Dutch Military Marine. This was an infamous deception. Jan Summs, so-called, was really Jan Spyk, who had run away from his home and entered as a common sailor on board the *Jung Frau*, a ship hailing from Rotterdam. Happening to make Hannah's acquaintance at Wapping, and struck with her comeliness, he and she, mutually deceptive, it is asserted (though how the bride, residing at a ship-carpenter's in Wapping, could have assumed to be anything better, in a worldly sense, than she was, is difficult to understand), were married on the 16th of January, 1742. After a few weeks' cohabitation, Jan Spyk disappeared, and was never seen by his wife again.

The Amazon in due time gave birth to a child, which opened its eyes upon another world, after having unclosed upon this a few hours only. Deserted by her husband, for whom she appears to have felt a real affection, and impatient of her actual position, Amazon Spyk borrowed a suit of James Gray's clothes,

had them altered to fit her own person, walked off without acquainting anyone with her purpose or destination, and found her way, after enduring much hardship, to Coventry. General Guise's regiment was stationed there. The Amazon enlisted in Captain Miller's company, in the name of her brother-in-law, James Gray. The new recruit was oft at drill, and got through her duties creditably, but came to great grief through an act which reflected honour upon her. One of the sergeants of her company, named Davis, had a design upon some poor and pretty girl in Coventry, whom he purposed to seduce under promise of marriage. The Amazon knew he was married already, and privately informed the girl that he was, requesting, however, that the name of the informant should not be disclosed. This condition was not adhered to. Sergeant Davis discovered who it was that had "betrayed his confidence," and resolved upon taking a signal revenge. It was easy, in those days of martinet militaryism, to inflict almost any amount of punishment upon a "common soldier," at the suggestion of an officer, whether commissioned or non-commissioned. It was thought essential to the discipline of the service that a charge preferred by an officer against one or more of the men,

should, without more than a formal inquiry, be visited with condign punishment. Sergeant Davis accused James Gray of insubordination, neglect of duty, &c., and the unfortunate aspirant for the honours of war was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes. This sentence was rigorously recorded upon the Amazon's back. This first instalment of "glory" was very distasteful to the valorous woman. But for shame, she would have returned to Worcester, or, at all events, to her sister, Mrs. Gray. Reflecting, however, that the glorious profession of arms could not possibly number in its ranks many Sergeants Davis or Captains Miller, she would seek service in some other corps. The Amazon accordingly stole off and trudged to Portsmouth on foot.

There was a great danger to be encountered. The deserter would be actively pursued, and, if re-taken, death, or worse punishment, would certainly be her fate. "If, peradventure, my sex did not save me; I had dependence upon that, remembering the case of Charlotte Watkins. That gave me courage."

The day was already high when the Amazon, about five miles out of Coventry, saw a number of pea-pickers at work. She had gone across fields, and the locality was a solitary one.

The pea-pickers, that morning, it being the month of June and very hot, had divested themselves of their outer clothing, which they had deposited under a hedge. Mrs. Jan Styk took the liberty of exchanging her soldier-coat for one of the rustics', and so disguised went on her way rejoicing. She arrived safely at Portsmouth, enlisted as a marine, and was in a few days drafted on board the *Swallow*, sloop-of-war. There she might have been comfortable enough had not the sister of a marine, Reuben Cheeres, who came frequently on board to see the brother, taken a violent fancy to her. So violent a fancy, that when George Henshaw—the Amazon's new alias—she had an uncle of that name—repulsed her advances with perhaps inconsiderate rudeness, the love-sick damsel jumped overboard. The young woman was saved with difficulty, but refusing to be comforted, Mrs. Jan Styk was compelled to reveal the secret of her sex to the half-demented maiden. The cure was, of course, instantaneous—complete; and the confidence reposed in the girl was not abused.

It was not long before the *Swallow* was ordered to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet, then stationed in the West Indies. The *Swallow* was an unlucky vessel. Twice she had to put

back to Portsmouth from stress of weather, and when at last she proceeded on her voyage, sprang so large a leak, that it was with difficulty she made Lisbon. There the *Swallow*, after having undergone a thorough repair, continued her voyage and ultimately joined Boscawen's squadron, which had received orders to proceed to the East Indies. It arrived at Madras, and there disembarked the troops and marines on board. Mrs. Spyk was soon in the thick of the fight with the French. Her first serious experience of war was not, to ordinary apprehensions, a very exhilarating experience. She was put to work in the trenches, and had hardly been so placed five minutes, when a cannon-ball smashed the head of a marine who was working by her side. This man, Richard Perkins, had been her especial friend as well as constant comrade. She was besprinkled with his blood. "This baptism of death made me furious. I caught up the slain man's loaded musket—mine was uncharged as it chanced, took steady aim at the cannonier who fired the gun, and shot him dead. At least I supposed so, as he fell backward with a yelling scream."

Amazon Gray received five wounds in about as many hours. Only one, in the groin, was

serious. It was, of course, impossible to consult the regimental surgeon if she would conceal the secret of her sex. The brave woman had recourse to the aid of a native woman who had a reputation for skill in surgery. The ball was extracted, the Amazon recovered her health; but the unfaithful black doctress disclosed the secret of her sex to Captain Mellor. That gentleman became in consequence importunate with the charming marine, and before long so much inflamed that he offered her marriage. The Amazon frankly told him she was already married, and that her husband, she had no reason to doubt, was alive. Thereupon the gallant captain appears to have waxed wroth, and to avoid his persecution the Amazon Gray absconded, and after suffering much danger, and passing through many vicissitudes, reached Bombay. The details of her journey are wanting. At Bombay she entered as a common sailor in the *Elthorn* man-of-war, commanded by Captain Lloyd. Misfortune still pursued the misguided woman. She was accused of stealing one of the seamen's shirts, and flogged; the shirt was subsequently found. Captain Lloyd expressed his regret for what had occurred. The ship put in at Lisbon, and there the Amazon, having

revealed her sex, was at her own request discharged.

Amazon Spyk must have saved some money, as she remained in Lisbon over three months without employment. She then entered as a common sailor on board a vessel bound for Genoa. There she fell into the company of Dutch seamen, one of whom being questioned by her as to whether he had ever heard of Jan Spyk, replied that he did know Jan Spyk, who about a twelvemonth previously had been hanged at the yard-arm of his ship, the *Jung Frau*, for inciting the crew to mutiny. The relater was one of the crew, and always having been friendly with Jan Spyk, the latter "conversed with him earnestly before his execution." Amongst other confidences, he said that that which troubled his conscience, and lay heaviest at his heart, was a circumstance in his life which occurred in England. He had there married a beautiful girl of the name of Hannah Snell, and after a short time cruelly abandoned her. The little property that he possessed—watch and chain, twenty-five Dutch ducats—he had left with the captain of his ship in trust for his English wife.

This queer story rests upon the authority of

the Amazon herself, who says, after "a great pothor" she obtained the watch and money.

The Amazon returned to England, got a regular discharge from the service, and, thanks to the good offices exerted in her favour by the Duke of Cumberland, obtained a pension of two shillings per diem during life.

A curious phase in the vagrant life of this strange woman now occurred. She was sitting in a coffee-house in Cheapside, dressed, as was her wont, in male attire, when her attention was attracted by a youngish gentleman of the name of Rawle, whom she had known at Worcester. He seemed much disturbed in mind, and at last confessed the cause of it. He had written and published a scurrilous libel upon a Major Pierrepont. The major, to whom he was personally unknown, had sent him a challenge by letter, which he would be obliged to accept or be for ever disgraced. Now he (Rawle) was not of a valorous temperament, would rather fight with tongue or pen than with sword or pistol. Besides the constitutional objection to risking his life in a duel, was superadded the consideration that he was about to wed in a few days a young, blooming, rich widow. And he had no skill with either sword or pistol. He had, however, sent off an

acceptance of the challenge, and the meeting was to come off early the next morning at Chalk Farm. Being in want of a second, and being a comparative stranger in London, he had written a note to a military gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, proposing to meet him at the Falcon Coffee-house, where they then were. He had not arrived, and had not, perhaps, received the note. (I do not quite understand whether Rawle knew the Amazon as well as she did him. Possibly he mistook her for one of her brothers.)

Amazon Spyk reflected for a few moments. She knew Major Pierrepont, and the stuff he was made up of, quite well. The printed libel which Rawle handed to her was, she also knew, true in every particular.

"Mr. Rawle," said she, "this Major Pierrepont has not seen you, and does not know you personally? You have no doubt upon that point?" "Not the slightest doubt." "Very well. You are well off, unskilled with sword or pistol, and about to marry a rich young widow. On the other hand, I am very poorly off, can handle sword or pistol indifferently well, and am not going to marry a rich widow. Now, what will you give that I appear as prin-

cipal in the duel, you the second?" "The poltroon Rawle," says the Amazon, "was delighted with the proposal, and after some higgling paid me down one hundred guineas to be his substitute. I was equally pleased. The next morning we went in a coach to Chalk Farm. Major Pierrepont—a major of militia—had, I afterwards knew, heard that Rawle was a wretched craven—a very handsome one, by-the-bye—and had no doubt that an abject apology would be tendered on the ground. The major himself, I knew, was no fire-eater—very far from it. Arrived on the ground, where we found the major and his second, a Mr. Snodgrass, a suggestion was made by the latter that an apology for the libel should be made, in which case the affair would be at an end. 'Yes,' said I, 'an apology for the libel, the libel, the affronting libel contained in the letter of challenge. Here it is. Major Pierrepont calls me a slandering scoundrel. I must have a very ample written apology for that.' My bold countenance quite put out the feather-bed major. He turned all sorts of colours, which finally resolved themselves into a deadly white. I saw my advantage. 'But it's of no use talking; Mr. Snodgrass,' said I, 'measure the ground and let us settle this little affair out

of hand. It won't last long. My hand will have lost its cunning if it doesn't settle the major by one click of the trigger.'

"The horribly terrified major beckoned to Snodgrass and whispered him earnestly. 'What apology do you require, Mr. Rawle?' 'A written one; and an order upon the major's banker to pay me a hundred guineas as compensation for having been detained in London to attend this meeting, to the neglect of urgent affairs which required my immediate presence in Worcester.' 'That cannot be listened to,' said Mr. Snodgrass; 'it is preposterous.' 'Very well; then let us take our places at once. I am the challenged party, and object to a greater distance than ten paces.' The major again eagerly whispered with Snodgrass. The result was an agreement with my terms. We adjourned to the nearest tavern, where the gallant major, as soon as good liquor had sufficiently steadied his hand, wrote a very humble apology, for which I did not care a tittle, and an order on Roberts, the city goldsmith, for one hundred guineas, payable to James Rawle or bearer. I had made two hundred guineas very easily."

The next we read of Amazon Snell, is that she was engaged to sing at Goodman's Fields.

She had considerable success in that vocation, and was still engaged therein when she died in 1779, in her fifty-seventh year.

This brief memoir of her erratic career differs essentially from any previously written one; but is, I believe, strictly accurate as far as it goes—though unavoidably incomplete. It is thought, for example, that Amazon Snell was present in a great naval battle fought in the West India waters; but I can find no record of the fight in any authority which I have been able to consult.

Captain Mowbray.

PHILIP MOWBRAY, a brave soldier, inveterate duellist, notorious gambler, and an earnest eloquent preacher, strangely as such a conjunction appears, was born at Shrewsbury in the year —. He was a posthumous child. His father, the Rev. Tobias Mowbray, had been many years in the enjoyment of a good living, and had left his son between five and six thousand pounds. Having been long a widower, he left his friend Thomas Charlwood trustee and guardian. At his father's death Philip Mowbray was sixteen years old. Mr. Charlwood took the youth to his own home, Dovecote House, engaged a private tutor, and caused him to be carefully educated. The young man had a strong devotional bias, with a very decided inclination towards religious extravagances; with that was combined a spirit of fun, of practical joking, exuberant, inexhaustible. He was an adept too at all athletic sports; could kill a partridge before it was a foot above the herbage from which

it had been started. Colonel Hawker makes a passing allusion to "Mowbray's remarkable skill as reported." He was also singularly skilful with the pistol and small-sword, a skill acquired by constant practice. It is said that the anecdote related in one of his novels by Sir Bulwer Lytton (I forget which novel), where he makes the hero of his book shoot a bird on the wing with a pistol bullet, was suggested by that seeming impossibility having been achieved, and more than once, by Philip Mowbray. This may or may not be correct.

His love of the small-sword exercise brought sore discomfiture and no slight danger to Enoch Burfield, an invalided sergeant of dragoons, in the service of Mr. Charlwood as a sort of valet, groom of the chamber, and groom of the stable. The worthy veteran having some skill in fence, or having once had before his sinews became stiff and feeble with age, was coaxed, pestered, hectored by Mowbray into perpetually practising with him. Of course foils were used, but not always, it would appear, wire masks for the face. "Where is Burfield?" one day inquired Mr. Charlwood. "In bed, sir," was the reply; "the doctor is with him, and so is Master Mowbray." "What is the matter?" "Master Mowbray,

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sir, has poked Burfield's right eye out, sir, with one of those swords with buttons at the end of them, which they are always playing with." Whilst they were thus talking, Mowbray came into the room. "What is this I hear about Burfield?" demanded the master of the house. "Well, sir," replied the hopeful youth, who was greatly moved and excited, "poor Burfield ran one of his eyes upon the point of my foil, and the unfortunate truth is, that he has lost it; the eye I mean, not the foil." "It is a very shocking affair," said Mr. Charlwood. "Yes, very shocking, sir; I am much grieved," replied Mowbray. "There is one consolation; it is his bad eye, the one that squinted, you know." This was not unfeeling badinage. Mowbray arranged with his guardian that the poor fellow should be allowed thirty pounds per annum as compensation for the "bad eye which squinted."

Master Mowbray must next take it into his feather-head to fall in love with a "plain Quakeress," which means a damsel or matron who has not swerved from the strict rules of the founder of the sect: abjures bright colours, music, &c., and feels somewhat surprised that in the councils of God at the creation it was decreed that the world should not be drab-

coloured, or that even a bird were allowed to sing. This votary of an obsolete faith, was Anne Gurney, and a very pretty girl. This she perhaps considered to be a kind of sin. The combination of rose and lily in her face could not be quite right, though laid on by Nature's own sweet and cunning hand. Master Mowbray did not think so; and, finding "Sweet Anne" to be inexorable in her determination to decline the acquaintance of anyone who was not, like herself, a conscientious, pure, and simple disciple of "the plain and pure apostle of Quakerism," he at once put off his fine clothes, in the cut, colours, and fashion of which he had taken pride, and assumed the garb of plainest Quakerism.

He did more than that. Anne Gurney—not, we must conclude, convinced by clothes—continuing to look coldly upon the aspirant for her favour, he regularly joined the Society of Friends; and upon more than one occasion, being moved by the spirit—which we can easily believe—he held forth, "to the great admiration of the assembled friends."

But it nothing availed with the obdurate maiden. She preferred a "born plain Quaker"—John Rice—and frankly told the enamoured Mowbray that she did so, when he pressed her

for a final decision. Thereupon Master Mowbray, flinging off his drab-coloured suit, arraying himself in his gayest attire, and taking two stout cudgels in his hand, waylaid the successful rival, offered him the choice of cudgels, which being mildly declined, Master Mowbray so belaboured John Rice with one (or both) of them that the bridegroom expectant "did not rise from his bed for more than a month."

Master Mowbray's guardian and trustee was fain to compromise so gross an outrage, and paid a large sum of money, though doubting if he had a legal right to do so, out of the funds left by the Reverend Rector. "I had, however, confidence in the youth's honour, the fullest confidence. I knew that when he attained his majority he would make it all right. A strange young man, but the very soul of honour."

A very strange young man. Dissatisfied, as it seems, with the failure of his love-chase, refusing to be comforted by Miss Charlwood, who, there appears reason to believe, would have been quite willing to heal up his spirit-wounds, Master Mowbray, having made acquaintance with a son of Captain Clements, commander of the frigate *Pallas*, thirty-two guns, ran off, or went off—there had been an unpleasant—

ness, or quarrel, between the guardian and guardee (it may be respecting Miss Charwood; this, however, does not clearly appear)—and entered on board the *Pallas*, then at Sheerness.

The *Pallas* not long afterwards sailed for the Irish coast, and was one of the three ships—*Æolus*, *Brilliant*, and *Pallas*—despatched by the Duke of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to put an extinguisher on Captain Thurot, who in command of a considerable French squadron had been playing the mischief in the Bay of Carrickfergus. Thurot's career, as most of us are aware, was closed in a battle fought near the Isle of Man, upon which occasion Master Mowbray so behaved himself as to obtain from Captain Clements a certificate that there was no more promising youngster in the service.

As far as the naval service was concerned it was promise unfulfilled. The attainment of his majority, the possession of his "fortune," and some obscure quarrel with one of the gun-room officers of the *Pallas*, induced him to abandon the naval profession, though there was no doubt he would have creditably passed in due time for the grade of a lieutenant.

We next glimpse Philip Mowbray at the

court of George the Third in 1763. How introduced is not very clear; but he was page of honour or page in waiting, whichever may be the more appropriate phrase. At all events he managed to fall in love with a maid or lady of honour, the Honourable Cecilia Barrington. This calamity was a heavy one, far more pardonable than his passion for the plain Quakeress. The Earl of C——, the name is not given at length — an Irish peer, also admired the Honourable Cecilia Barrington. The lady, as was natural, inclined to the peer. This offended, as was but natural too, Philip Mowbray, Esquire, and he determined upon settling with the Irish lord after a summary fashion. They used to meet at a fashionable gaming-house, and Mowbray with malice aforethought cheated so audaciously—pretended to cheat, I should say, for there can be no question that he intended to return the money he won—that the Earl of C—— loudly called him a rogue and swindler. An immediate duel was the consequence. It took place in a garden at the back of the gaming-house. This was precisely what Mowbray wanted. He gave his opponent the choice of weapons. The Earl of C—— chose the small sword, and received a wound severer than the Honourable

Cecilia's eyes could have inflicted, though not through the heart, as it happily chanced. The Earl recovered; the nobleman had influence at court; the occasion of the duel was related after the manner most favourable to the Earl—most discreditable to Mowbray. To be sure the latter had taken pains to furnish his detractors with ample materials. Philip Mowbray, Esquire, was dismissed from his office of page of honour or page in waiting; the Honourable Cecilia Barrington declined the honour of his acquaintance, and my gentleman was literally thrown upon the world and his own resources, Mr. Charlwood, his guardian, having died in the interim.

Mr. Philip Mowbray did not shine forth very brilliantly for some years after this misadventure. He took to gaming and dicing. I must not, however, forget to mention a characteristic and honourable anecdote of this "strange person." On the day of the marriage of the Earl of C—— to the Honourable Cecilia Barrington—if Barrington were her true surname—the noble lord received a sealed packet from Mowbray containing six hundred odd guineas, the amount unfairly won at the game which led to the duel. A note was inclosed—this disjointed, incoherent one:—

"MY LORD,—You are one of the luckiest scamps in the world. I did not succeed in killing you; shall not probably have another chance. You are married—the devil confound you—to the most beautiful girl in England; ay, or in twenty Englands! and now I return you the money which I unfairly won—unfairly won, in fact, but not in intention. I never intended to keep your dirty dross. It may, perhaps, amuse your bride to know that I have myself this morning espoused Charlotte Beath, the daughter of a chimney-sweep—a master chimney-sweep—do not forget that; he does not now climb chimneys himself, has not done so since he was twelve years old. This he assures me of, upon 'his honour.' And I tell you what, you cowardly Hibernian—how *could* you have been born in Ireland? I tell you this, you cowardly Hibernian, you could hardly hold the sword in your shaking hand: it was no credit to me to run such a fellow through his preposterous belly. Yes, I tell you, you rascally Hibernian, I shall be happier to-night than you. I should think so! It will be just as well not to pretend to be a real husband. Leave your bride at the church-door, you emasculated, incapable thing.

"PHILIP MOWBRAY."

“N.B. If you do not think this letter sufficiently insulting, I will improve upon it at the slightest hint.”

There cannot, I think, be two opinions as to Philip Mowbray's state of mind when he penned the foregoing epistle. It was quite true that Philip Mowbray, “the gifted, gentle, handsome Philip Mowbray,” had married Charlotte Beath, the daughter of a chimney-sweep—a master chimney-sweep. If we are to take the evidence of her portrait—said to be her portrait, painted by a great master, in the Vernon collection—she was a very charming creature. Education, high thoughts,—her husband's teachings, not by words, and discourses only, but bold, valiant, glorious deeds—though not trumpeted forth to the world by the post-horns of the time, must, no doubt, have greatly improved and refined her, when the portrait was painted. She wears a red cardinal, and the face is one of the *sweetest* ever limned.

Philip Mowbray married in a passion. His fancy had been caught by the plebeian beauty, though the Honourable Cecilia still dominated over his imagination. Ah, well! he soon learned to forget the Honourable Cecilia. Meeting

the Earl of C—— one day in Pall Mall, a few months after an extraordinary run of luck at cards, he said, "My dear fellow, I heard last night at the Club that you were infernally hard-up. Now that is an unpleasant position. I have a right to say so, as I speak from experience; *will* a cool five hundred be of any use to you?"

The astonished Earl said it would be of the greatest use to him—would, in fact, in a sub-lunary sense, be his salvation. "Here then are the notes," said Philip Mowbray. The Earl was profuse in his acknowledgments, and offered to sign any paper necessary to secure repayment of the loan at a given day. "No loan at all, my lord," retorted Mowbray. "It is but an instalment of a great debt I owe your lordship." "Debt—debt—what debt—debt? (His lordship seems to have had a habit common at that time of repeating himself. The King set the example.) Debt, debt! I don't understand you, Mr. Mowbray." "The explanation is very easy, my lord," said Mowbray; "your lordship kindly relieved me of a brimstone lady, now the Countess of C——, thereby enabling me to marry the daughter of a chimney-sweep, for which benefit five hundred pounds is a poor repayment."

Philip Mowbray had no children. This was a cankering grief, though it did not disturb the marital harmony. Ennui, however, grew upon Philip Mowbray. He longed to have something to do in the world besides eating, drinking, and gambling. The war with America had broken out. He was acquainted with Colonel Tarleton, one of the most dashing cavalry officers that have ever charged, from Tamerlane to Murat. He obtained a commission in that officer's regiment, a cornetcy, and embarked with it in the *Glasgow* frigate for America. He would not, however, enter into the service, great as were the temptations to a mind constituted like his, till the "master chimney-sweep's daughter" consented to go with him. There does not appear to be any reluctance on her part, and the pair safely reached Boston.

Cornet Mowbray attained a captaincy; was present and distinguished himself in all Colonel Tarleton's raids. At the "Cowpens," the only positive defeat sustained by Tarleton, Captain Mowbray, one of the very last to leave the field, shot one of two American officers who were riding against him, then threw the discharged pistol in the face of the other with such force and direct aim that the

Yankee, stunned and blinded, fell from his horse. Captain Mowbray escaped without a scratch.

The most singular of his military adventures occurred a few weeks before the war with America substantially terminated. Lafayette at the head of the French force, and Washington in command of the Americans, were besieging Yorktown, in which Cornwallis had permitted himself, with about four thousand men, to be cooped up. Tarleton had long since discovered the military imbecility of Cornwallis, seen through the hollowness of his Indian reputation, and chafed like a madman at the unhappy thought of surrender which was entertained by the titled general. He offered, it is well known, to break through the hostile beleaguement, and join Clinton, if Cornwallis would give him but two thousand men. Cornwallis hesitated. How could he attempt such a thing, not knowing the enemy's strength? What part of his line could be attacked with a chance of success? Tarleton said he knew a man—Captain Mowbray—who would soon ascertain that. Leave was given to make the experiment. Mowbray's consent was promptly obtained, and he agreed to set out upon the enterprise before the lapse of an hour.

“ Reflecting upon the matter after Tarleton left, I could not do away with the impression that Cornwallis would never, whatever my report might be, attempt so bold a venture. I talked with my wife. She agreed with me. Cornwallis would surrender. The troops might be kept prisoners till the war terminated, which would be only Heaven knew when. I must, she argued, do my duty of course. At the same time, whilst doing that, we had a right to provide for our own safety and freedom. I agreed ; and the result of our deliberations was, that we should disguise ourselves as negro minstrels, creep under cover of night out of the camp, and present ourselves boldly before the French or American general, when opportunity offered. We should be patriotic negroes who had been captured by the English, and who knew all the secrets of their camp ; that is, of their position and means of defence. The reason of our pretended minstrelsy was that we were hasting away to our home in Louisiana, and did not wish to be detained on the road, even by the patriotic forces. Our rude music was to pay our way. We both were pretty well up in the negro dialect, knew several negro songs, and two rude guitars made up a sufficient orchestra.

"We got away very well; were, as it was certain we should be, captured, taken first before Colonel Symes, and after some preliminary talk, shut up in a rude sort of hut dungeon. The next day we were led before the two generals. There was mighty questioning. I told my story pretty well, but was not trusted. My wife was even less successful; but by God's especial grace, and the favour of a sentry—handsomely paid for, as we had not been searched—we stole away in the night. After much peril and suffering we gained General Clinton's lines. Next we started for England."

A deep sense of the depravity of war had seized the mind of Captain Mowbray, and he thenceforth determined "to fight only with Satan, the enemy of souls." He hired a chapel in Southwark, in or close by Bermondsey, "and did much godly work." His wife officiated as clerk. A volume of his sermons has been printed. They breathe a spirit of earnest faith and piety. But the old Adam within him was unsubdued. The breaking out of the French Revolution kindled the smouldering ashes of his old war-spirit to flame. He solicited military employment. The request was granted—he was appointed to a company in one of the

regiments—number not mentioned—which formed part of the force placed under the command of the Duke of York. He was killed at the siege of Valenciennes. The daughter of the master sweep was with him during the campaign, and closed his eyes when he died from a severe wound received in the trenches.

Captain Mowbray died poor. The petition of his widow to the king is a curiosity in its way. Charlotte Mowbray sets forth “that her husband fought for his king and country in many battles in both worlds, had wrestled with Satan to the advancement of Christ’s kingdom, and when dying told her to rely upon the justice of God and the king.” She (Charlotte Mowbray), therefore, “humbly solicited such a provision for her age as would suffice to keep soul and body together till such time as God would require the first—earth and worms the latter. And the petitioner would ever pray, *et cetera.*” The petition was so far successful that Charlotte Mowbray was allowed twenty pounds a year. She did not live to enjoy the king’s magnificent bounty more than about two years.

Daniel De Foe.

THE world does not recognise—not, at least, ostensibly—its chief benefactors. Splendid monuments are erected over the dust of statesmen and warriors, and glorifying titles are inscribed upon them; but men who have shed light and mirth—who will continue to shed light and mirth as long as the language in which they wrote shall endure—find scant stone or marble recognition. It is, perhaps, well that it should be so. Their works, instinct with the life of life, are their true monument. “*Si requiris monumentum circumspice*” is the grand epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren inscribed over the front of the chancel of St. Paul’s. That epitaph has a wide application; and to few men it more directly applies than to the author of the “*History of the Plague*” and of “*Robinson Crusoe*.” It is not embodied in brass or bronze, but is written indelibly upon the hearts of millions.

He was an odd, wrong-headed man, this Daniel De Foe, the author of “*Robinson*

Crusoe." He did not even know or suspect, till he was sixty years of age, that he could write fiction; did not, before then, imagine that he had a "Robinson Crusoe," a "Citizen's Account of the Plague of London," &c. &c., in him. An altogether wayward man, and suffered the penalty which all incur who persist in knocking their heads against the orthodox granite walls by which "Society" is bounded and enclosed.

Daniel Foe was his real name; the De was added in after life, when, with venial weakness, he was desirous it should not be known that his father, James Foe, was a butcher long established in London. He was born in 1661 in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. James Foe was desirous that his son should have nothing to do with trade, and he himself being a dissenter, he resolved that Daniel should be a dissenting minister. But Daniel was not made of the right stuff for that vocation. He was a very refractory, unpromising pupil of a Mr. Moreton, who kept a dissenting academy on Newington-green, but at which academy he, nevertheless, acquired a smattering—scarcely more—of five languages, mathematics, logic, geography, and history.

The "principle" of dissent—that of re-

fusing submission to, or acquiescence in authoritative teaching, took firm hold of Daniel Foe's mind, which was essentially combative and antagonistic. At the age of twenty-one, and just towards the close of Charles the Second's infamous reign, when unblushing licentiousness had full sway in high places, he must needs write a biting satire upon the clergy, entitled "*Speculum Crapegownorum*." There was nothing very terrible in that paper thunderbolt—a weak flutter only of the young eagle's literary plumes. Disappointed that his pen failed to overthrow the half-Romanized Church, Daniel Foe had recourse to the sword, and joined, when but twenty years old, the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion against James the Second, much against the sage counsel of a friend, who advised him, that since he felt no aptitude for preaching, it would be wise to follow his father's trade—slaughter beasts, not men—which vocation he would find to be as much more profitable as it was decidedly more moral. Daniel Foe, who had not then cut his wisdom-teeth, demurred to his good friend's advice; ran off from the "academy" set up for teaching the young idea how to shoot in an evangelical direction, and was quite in time to take part in the battle of Sedgmoor. We

have the testimony of Lord Macaulay, that never was the stubborn bravery of peasant Britain more conspicuously displayed than by Monmouth's mob—a mob ill-furnished with efficient arms—than in that fatal fight. It is doubtful that the victory would have been with James's disciplined troops, had it not been for cannon which the Protestant Bishop of Winchester enabled the Royalist commander to bring up against the "Rebels." This prelate lent his carriage-horses to drag the guns into action against men who were fighting to prevent the subversion of the Church of which his lordship was one of the mitred chiefs. Foe often alluded to this circumstance with great bitterness.

How the rash young soldier escaped the vengeance of the triumphant party is not shown with distinctness. There are several versions of his hair-breadth escapes from the hunters. According to one account he was at a farmhouse in the capacity of swine-sheep and cow-herd, when it was visited by a party of "Kirke's Lambs," as the murderous ruffians were popularly named. They were, as usual, in search of victims. Instead of concealing himself, Daniel Foe, whose secret was known to the farmer and his wife, waited, in a plough-

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man's guise, upon the soldiers, and "made merry with them."

Be that true or not, he escaped the myrmidons of James ; and instead of figuring in a dock at the Bloody Assize, we find him working for bread as a commercial traveller for several London houses who dealt mainly in hosiery. Skill in stockings was hardly to be expected in Daniel Foe, and yet so speedily was it acquired, that in 1687 he was chief buyer for eminent houses in the trade, of the provincial producers. It was then he assumed the aristocratic prefix, De, to his name. "It gave him consideration with the manufacturers. He also, being free by birth, became an enrolled citizen of London."

A great event was now on the eve of accomplishment. The nation was in travail with the Revolution of 1688. The army, it was well known, from their exultant shouts, when news reached them of the acquittal of the Bishops, had become thoroughly disaffected to King James ; and could no longer be made the instruments of his cruel rage. William of Orange was known to be actively preparing for a descent on England ; the tongues and pens of numerous speakers and writers were loosened, and the agitation, the enthusiasm of

the people, especially of the Londoners, hourly increased. Daniel De Foe rushed at once into the *mêlée*. He had made a great advance in dialectic power, and was by no means one of the least formidable of the King's assailants.

The Revolution itself was hailed by De Foe with transports of joy ; and he ever after kept the 4th of November, the anniversary of William's landing, as a festival. After that monarch's decease, no Orangeman in Ireland ever drank the glorious, pious, and immortal memory with more hilarious gusto than De Foe. He, moreover, buckled on his sword again, and joined a Royal regiment of volunteer-horse, who made a gallant show upon the occasion of William and Mary's first ceremonial visit to Guildhall.

The Revolution established, the Constitution settled, the enthusiasm of the nation for the "Deliverer" visibly cooled ; the main cause of which appears to have been that he was not an Englishman. This waywardness on the part of the nation greatly incensed De Foe, who again rushed into print in defence of his hero. This time it was a satirical poem, entitled "The True-born Englishman." It is written with rough vigour, and proves what no one

ever doubted, that the inhabitants of this island are a race compounded of many races of men—Welsh, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Germans, French, Scotch, Irish, &c.—for which reason he argued with curiously twisted logic that the true-born Englishman according to the popular idea was a myth, and that in a real sense King William was as much an Englishman as any one born within the sound of Bow bells. The King was so much pleased with the poem that he sent for De Foe, and highly complimented him upon his genius and good sense; the sincerity of which praise was proved by the monarch's frequent consultations with De Foe on important matters of state during the latter part of his reign.

The King's favour, if it conferred a sort of factitious fame upon De Foe's literary efforts, did not fill his purse. It was very pleasant to be a man whom a king delighted to honour—in words—but a man with a wife, and a fast coming family, could not be content even with regal breath, and Daniel De Foe turned again to the vulgar stocking-business.

He enlarged the sphere of his commercial operations; set up as a shipowner and merchant,

trading with Spain and Portugal, and failed. Not, however, discredibly. No doubt, as struggling men generally do, he committed some faults in the hopeless endeavour to recover his position. They could not, however, have been very serious faults, as his creditors accepted the composition offered, and consented to accept his own personal security for its due payment.

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, gives as one definition of patriotism, that it is the last refuge of a scoundrel. It may also, I may observe *inter alia*, be the resource of a highly moral person, as witness the learned Doctor's pamphlets, in which the right of England to tax the unrepresented American Colonies was urged with all the Doctor's ornate pomposity of style and forcible feeble argumentation. Those pamphlets, nevertheless, gained him his pension of three hundred per annum.

De Foe was not so learned in dead languages as the famous lexicographer, but he was a man of original inventive genius, which Doctor Johnson certainly was not in any just sense. The peculiar eccentricity of the broken-down merchant or trader was never more strikingly illustrated than by the mode hit upon by Daniel

De Foe to regain a good position in the world.

He had sadly failed to provide ways and means for the support of himself and family; but, nothing deterred by that trifling failure, he at once addressed himself to the task of instructing the Government as to how they should provide for the "ways and means" of the nation. His counsels were appreciated, some of his suggestions were adopted, and his expedient for "raising the wind" had a double effect. The financial measures of the ministry derived a certain success from his suggestions, and he in requital obtained a situation with other favours, which placed him in a position of modest competence.

Daniel De Foe had nothing more to fear in a worldly sense. He had gained at last one of the minor heights of society, and might, perched thereon, have passed his days in contentment.

But De Foe was not a man to pursue the safe, beaten paths of life, though he had given hostages to Fortune in a beloved wife and children. He was off at a tangent again. The accession of Queen Anne to the throne was the signal for an outburst of bigotry such as has been rarely witnessed in this country.

The High-Church party had solved Pontius Pilate's question, "What is truth?" to their own entire satisfaction, just as the Spanish inquisitors did. Very earnest persons, thoroughly self-convinced men are indeed always persecutors, and this from motives of benevolence. "Why should I permit my brother to perish? Let us put down false teachers by the strong hand of authority." Mr. Samuel Pope and Mr. Lawson are modern teachers of the world-old dogma of bigots, succinctly expressed by the French princess in the often-quoted sentence, "*Il me semble qu'il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison*" ("It seems to me that I only am always in the right").

Against this theory of slavery, spiritual slavery, a thousand times more galling than chains, which only bind the body, the combatant spirit of Daniel De Foe fiercely revolted; yet, spite of all that has been urged in his defence, it must be admitted that his pamphlet, entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," was not happily compiled. The High-Church party were rampant, and inflamed by the teachings of Dr. Sacheverell, a University preacher, a furious mob swept through the streets of London, demolished Dissenting places of worship, burned the dwellings, and obtained

such a brutal ascendancy that it was not safe for any known Dissenter to be seen in the streets.

Such a triumphant combination of fierce intolerance with brutal stupidity had naturally excited the wrath of De Foe, but he mistook his audience in thinking that by exaggerating the High-Church "principles," arguing those principles to a natural conclusion in a logical sense, he would make them revolting to the common herd. It was a clever caricature of the High-Church party, but so subtly coloured that the more blatant of that party deemed they had never been limned by a more skilful, appreciative artist. De Foe had out-Heroded Herod; enunciated in glowing language the really true and only effectual mode of dealing with Dissent. The Dissenters were astounded—written as the pamphlet was by one of their professed, zealous champions. These two facts amply prove that De Foe's arrows had gone awry; that he had failed to hit the mark aimed at.

"High Church" appears to have first become aware of the true esoteric meaning of the pamphlet. A prosecution was instituted against him for seditious blasphemy. The ostensible purpose of the book was hypocritically assumed to be the real one. To burke his defence and

ensure the punishment of "one of the most profligate of men," he was persuaded to plead "Guilty," under the most solemn assurances by highly-placed people that the Queen's pardon would be immediately extended to him. De Foe's keen sagacity must have failed him at this trying crisis. He was rudely awakened from his dream. Directly his plea of "Guilty" was recorded, he was sentenced to be pilloried three times, have his ears snipped off, to pay a fine of one hundred marks, be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and upon liberation find sureties for good behaviour during seven years. He was about to pay dearly for having broken with the solemn, dignified hypocrisy of the world. With all his keen insight of mankind he had not measured the influence, the power of that solemn, dignified hypocrisy.

Pope's infamous line in allusion to De Foe in the pillory,

"See where on high stands unabashed De Foe,"

is interpreted by the courageous thinker and writer of his life his highest eulogy. The selfish, cringing meanness of Pope brings out by comparison the defiant firmness of De Foe in brilliant relief. Admitted that Daniel De Foe could not have written the "Rape of the Lock;" neither could he have grovelled in the dust,

before stars and garters, titled gentlemen and ladies, drunken and noble lords and demireps, as Pope did.

To be sure, Pope made "a better end," in common estimation, than "the unabashed De Foe"—but the true end is not here. And even *here* now at the present day, the moral estimate of Daniel De Foe is infinitely higher than that entertained for Alexander Pope.

It would have been a great loss to England, and to the world, had Daniel De Foe not been an eccentric man; if he had been content to dwell in conventional decencies after attaining his place. No nation has ever been deficient in "respectabilities." They are the dust of graveyards; the spots where they lie, in crowded heaps, signalized by lying tombstones. Daniel De Foe lives with hearty, vigorous life, in tens of hundreds of thousands of homes in both worlds.

De Foe was equal, superior to his fate. He recovered, when cast down into apparently remediless ruin, his pristine mental vigour. He penned a "Hymn to the Pillory" during his bravely-borne imprisonment, and commenced his "Review," and re-engaged in political pamphlet warfare with as much energy and fierceness as ever. He abated not one jot of

heart or hope. The Whigs, for whom he had so strenuously laboured, abandoned him to his fate. The Tories, to whom he had always been strenuously opposed, were more generous, more just towards the wayward, wilful, high-principled writer. Upon the accession of Harley, through the influence of Mrs. Masham, to power, that minister induced her majesty to order De Foe's liberation from prison, and even prevailed upon the Queen to liquidate from the privy purse his fine and expense. This was not, perhaps, a piece of purely Quixotic generosity; Harley and Bolingbroke having been, no doubt, anxious to secure for their party the pen of so vigorous and versatile a writer. The horizon brightened rapidly. Harley commissioned De Foe to act as confidential agent at Edinburgh in endeavouring to bring about the union of Scotland and England; a duty of which he creditably acquitted himself.

Still this utterly unpractical man would not lend his talents to the advocacy of the Tory measures of the cabinet. He, however, refrained from writing against them. His obligations to Harley commanded such a negative service as that.

He determined to withdraw from the active conflict of parties. He had suffered much

more from his reputed political friends than enemies. Unwarned, however, by the persecution brought upon him by "The Shortest Way of Dealing with Dissenters," he must needs launch forth a similar *brochure*, by which, to ordinary minds, he appeared seriously to propose the bringing in of the Stuart Pretender, to the exclusion of the Hanoverian dynasty. This was done, as in the former instance, by caricaturing and exaggerating the arguments of the Jacobites. The irony was not understood by the commonalty. One Benson, an ardent partisan of the Whigs, honestly thinking that De Foe was in covert league—(his official, or officious connexion with the Harley-Bolingbroke ministry giving force and colour to this suspicion)—with the exiled Stuart, petitioned that Daniel De Foe might be tried for high treason. A judge was found to commit the unlucky pamphleteer to Newgate for presuming to write in defence, or rather explanation of the inculpated pamphlet, after Benson's accusation had been preferred before the grand jury—a true bill found—and he had been compelled to find heavy bail to surrender for trial. But for his ministerial friends it might have gone hard with him, so inveterate were his enemies, so obtuse the public as to

the true meaning of the pamphlet. Harley, to avoid all danger to a man whose talents he respected—much as he laughed at his erratic follies—covered him with a royal pardon ; an incident to which he afterwards alluded with much humour.

The accession of George the First put the finishing stroke to De Foe's political career. He had no longer one single influential friend—was sixty years of age—had once been struck with apoplexy—was lonely, and afflicted with gout and stone. Under these exhilarating circumstances this peculiar, indomitable man betook himself to romance writing ! His first essay was the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." The idea was suggested by the story of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish seaman who had sailed in the ship commanded by Captain Rogers, in his voyage round the world. Selkirk was *marooned* for some offence, and left upon the Island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific, where he contrived to exist for four years. Cowper has some verses upon the subject, beginning with "I am monarch of all I survey." The idea was derived from Selkirk's story, but the treatment of the narrative is incomparably striking and original. "The great beauty of this fiction," remarks an Edinburgh Reviewer, "consists not in the

hero, but in his situation, and the admirable manner in which he is made to adapt himself to it. Human sympathy attends his every action, and the simple, natural pathos of a plain, unsophisticated man, and the sublimity and awfulness of perfect solitude, moves more, than would all the feeling and eloquence of Rousseau, had he attempted a similar story. No wonder this tale has been translated into every European language, and even into Arabic, according to the testimony of Burkhardt."

This criticism is just, as far as it goes, but to render it *perfectly* just, it should have been added, that only the first part of the book, before the Spaniards arrive on the island, is invested with the indescribable charm which has made the work popular throughout the world. But the same may be said of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The first six books are magnificent—the others pale their intellectual fires in the blaze of glory which illuminates those first chapters. The mightiest wing would flag and droop before the termination of so exhaustive a flight.

The other romances of Daniel De Foe have fallen out of the current literature, are practically dead and buried. "Moll Flanders," "Colonel

Jack," "Captain Singleton," have disappeared, though they were not without much merit. The pre-eminent quality of De Foe as a writer of fiction was his power of *realization*. Any one would go before a magistrate and make an oath that, to the best of his belief, "A Citizen's Account of the Great Plague of London" was a simply-told narrative of what had really, and to the writer's knowledge, taken place. This is a very rare quality in an author.

Ah! yes; but genius when not combined with discretion, when its possessor refuses to be bound by the shackles and *safeguards* of conventionalism, will rarely have a good balance at his banker's. De Foe, though his writings had a large sale, was beset with pecuniary difficulties, embittered by domestic affliction. Himself on the verge of both jail and grave, he was doomed also to experience—how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. His son, to whom he had made over in trust some property for the benefit of his wife and daughters, appropriated the whole to himself. The sad story will be best told in the following touching letter—the last of the writings of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," addressed to Mr. Baker, an eminent naturalist, who had married De Foe's favourite daughter, Sophia :—

"DEAR MR. BAKER,—I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the 1st instant. It did not reach me till the 10th: how it has been delayed I know not. As your kind manner and kinder thought, from which it flows—for I know all you say to be sincere, Nathaniel-like, without guile—is a particular satisfaction to me; so the delay of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days. I stood so much in need of it, to support a mind sinking under a weight of affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned by every comfort, every friend, every relative, except such only as are unable to give me any assistance.

"I was sorry you should say in your letter you were debarred from seeing me. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, if I could receive your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in his present situation, bowed down under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, contemptible enemy that has broken my spirit.

She well knows I have borne up against greater disasters. But it has been the inhuman dealing of my own son which has ruined my family and broken my heart. As I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever—and a fatal one—I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts of those who I know will make a prudent use of it; nothing but this has conquered or could conquer me.

“I depended upon my son; I trusted him; I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave as it were as alms what he is bound under hand and seal, beside the most solemn promises, to supply them with, himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity; my heart is too full. I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged whilst my son is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have anything within you owing to my memory—I, who have bestowed upon you the

best gift I had to give—let them not be injured and trampled upon by false pretences. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel ; and that, they will indeed want, being too easily led by words and promises.

“It adds to my grief that I must never see my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrows. But that, alas ! is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me, and if I must see her no more, tell her this, that her father loved her above all to his last breath.

“Your unhappy D. F.

“About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,

“Tuesday, August 12th, 1730.”

This great and good, but unconfined and unconfined man, did not cast off the burden of mortality so soon as, when he penned the foregoing letter, he expected. He lingered on till the 24th of April, 1731, when he sank to his final rest. He died where he was born, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and was buried in Bunhill-fields. He would have been more fortunate had he been less highly-principled. But 'twas ever thus. Whoever

attempts to stem the torrent of the time is sure to be whelmed in it. To sail with the tide is the only chance of reaching pleasant pastures. To be sure, those who go with the multitude, will, like that multitude, fill forgotten graves: but it is a cruel irony upon human life to say of a rarely gifted man like De Foe, that he died in misery and lives in fame.

The Honourable John Loftus.

THIS highly variegated and vivacious gentleman is assumed to have been a stray scion of a distinguished family who had large estates both in England and Ireland. The fact mainly rests upon his own assertion ; but how, in such case, he could legally or by courtesy be entitled to the prefix of Honourable, puzzles one.

There is, however, proof, though shadowy and indistinct, of the truth of the statement in the remarkable, strongly contrastive life he led up to Christmas-day, 1782, when he perished, in his thirty-fourth year, in a manner as heroic and self-sacrificing as ever shed an aureole round the brow of warrior, priest, or king.

John Loftus was born, or to speak by the card, is believed to have been born at or near Carrickfergus, Ireland, in the year 1748. As to what surroundings accompanied his birth and boyhood, nothing trustworthy is known. He certainly received a fair education—was a gay, frolicsome boy, fearless as frolicsome, and very good-looking. He had very considerable

talent for mimicry and personation, and gained much applause at amateur private theatricals in Dublin, where business or pleasure had taken him when he was in his twentieth year. He must have moved in or been admitted into what is named good society, as he was known by sight and name to the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a nobleman of somewhat debauched habits, but not destitute of administrative talent.

His excellency, not long after young Loftus arrived in Dublin, indulged in the undignified whim of making one at Donnybrook Fair, disguised, of course, as completely as might be. He was accompanied by two of his suite only, both metamorphosed like his grace into Irish peasants. That Loftus knew of the Duke's intention is not positively stated. The rollicking young man had merely, perhaps, determined, independently for himself, to assist at a scene where an Irishman was proverbially to be seen in the full blaze of his glory. However that may have been, the Duke and his companions entered with such gusto into the spirit of the fair—its boisterous, riotous fun, that he got singled out at last by a powerful countryman, and challenged to fight by the usual prelude to such encounters—a crack upon his

excellency's skull, inflicted by a stout shillelagh. This was carrying the fun much too far. To discover himself was impossible, except in the last extremity to save his life. John Loftus, who must have been eagerly watchful of what was going on, and either knew beforehand or had penetrated the Duke's guise—he himself being habited as a rough country lad—rushed forward and felled the assailant upon his grace with one tremendous blow. The din and riot going on prevented immediate attention being paid to so unusual an incident as the interposition of a third party between two combatants; but it being well known to Loftus that the Duke's adversary belonged to a "faction," which, as soon as they heard what had happened, would rush furiously to the rescue, the young fellow whispered hastily to his grace: "Leave this place, my Lord Duke, without delay; you are in great danger; your horses are without; I and some rough acquaintances shall manage well enough to ensure you a sufficient start."

The Duke and his elderly friends did not wait to be told twice; they bolted forthwith, and reached Dublin Castle scatheless, except for the crack upon his grace's crown, given without the slightest malice or suspicion, by

the man, whom it was he had assailed, in pure *gaieté de cœur*. Loftus and his friends made a fierce fight of it with the help of some of the "boys" who belonged to a faction opposed to that to which the man who assaulted the representative of royalty belonged, and got clear off with no more than the ordinary average Donnybrook damage to themselves.

Young Loftus was not one to neglect improving such a singular chance. The very next day, he presented himself at the Castle, handsomely attired, and sent in a note addressed to the Duke of Bedford, marked "private and very important." He had not long to wait for an audience, a lengthened one. The Viceroy was naturally anxious to "hush up" so scandalous a story; Loftus solemnly assured him that he had been recognised by himself only. It need hardly be said that Loftus promised to keep the adventure inviolably secret—of course, in consideration, the perfectly well understood consideration, that he should receive a handsome *quid pro quo*. The Duke believed himself to be quite safe with respect to his courtly companions. He was not wrong in counting upon their fidelity as long as his viceroyalty lasted. That terminated, their tongues were loosened—in accordance

with the theory of moral ethics which teaches that political gratitude can only in the eternal fitness of things, and its highest sense, be held to mean no more than a keen sense of favours *to come*. The story was circulated amongst the fashionable circles of Dublin, with many varieties and additions. One was that his grace *knighted* his young champion on the spot. Who the young man was that so promptly interposed in favour of the Lord-Lieutenant was not known, except to the Duke and John Loftus, till some years afterwards. The story was flatly contradicted by "authority;" but the denial did not weaken the credence attached to it by the gossips of Dublin.

The substantial result to Mr. John Loftus was, that he obtained the commission of cornet of cavalry, and the post of attaché or something analogous at the Viceroy's court. No post of the kind could, I suppose, have made Loftus an Honourable, even in Ireland.

About this time (1759) the French monarch made a great combined effort by the fleets assembled at Dunkirk and Brest to redress the catastrophe of Minden by descents on the British and Irish coasts. The main design was defeated by Hawke's splendid victory in Quiberon Bay. A gallant French captain, of

the name of Thurot, achieved, spite of the vigilance of the British fleet, some small successes amongst the western islands of Scotland. Thurot's squadron consisted originally of five frigates. One of the largest of these became unserviceable through stress of weather, and was sent back to France. Another of the remaining frigates foundered at sea. Not abating one jot of heart or hope, Thurot sailed with his shattered force to the Bay of Carrickfergus, where on the 21st of February he effected a landing with about 700 men. Colonel Jennings, with four companies only, of raw recruits, was in the open town of Carrickfergus. He made a resolute, but of course an unsuccessful resistance, then retired to the dilapidated castle, in which there was neither store of provisions nor ammunition, except the small quantity he could carry in with him. *En revanche* there was a breach about fifty feet wide in the crumbling wall. The colonel, in the hope of being quickly succoured by regular troops, filled up the breach with rubbish, and gathered up heaps of stones to use instead of bullets and balls. Let us leave the gallant colonel with his bulldog resolution, and return to John Loftus, cornet unattached, in Dublin.

The successes, such as they were, of Thurot greatly irritated the English people, and threw a shade even upon Hawke's victory. What—was the nation who had so signally discomfited the French upon their own coasts and harbours, to be harassed by a beaten enemy on its own seaboard, he finding no check? The Duke of Bedford was subject to much abuse by the Press—and to implied censure by the Cabinet, and was very desirous of signally restoring his tarnished reputation for watchfulness and vigour. News came of Thurot's doings at Carrickfergus where his ships were in the bay. Messengers from Jennings succeeded in reaching Dublin, from whom his excellency learnt that Jennings could not hold out many hours, although he had repulsed the French at the first attack. Thurot had, it was also reported, received intelligence that the regular troops were within a few marches of Carrickfergus, and the French commander was preparing to embark his troops and leave the bay with all possible expedition, and in order to do so had offered to accept the surrender of the castle upon the easiest possible terms. The English soldiers were to be at once exchanged for the same number of French sailors or soldiers who had chanced to be made

prisoners. The castle was not to be blown up, nor the town of Carrickfergus to be burned or pillaged.

The Duke of Bedford had despatched three frigates—the *Æolus*, the *Pallas*, and the *Brilliant*—to Carrickfergus Bay, their mission being to extinguish Thurot once and for all. But should the French frigates have left before their arrival, the Lord-Lieutenant would have no chance of setting himself right with the British people and British ministry. How could he make sure that the English frigates, when they opened up the bay, would there find Thurot's ships? That was the question which he determined to discuss without a moment's delay with Cornet Loftus, whom he knew to be a Carrickfergus man, and in whose dash, bravery, and fertility of resource he had much confidence, notwithstanding certain bizarre peculiarities which he frequently indulged in. In fact, the cornet's life was one long practical joke, broken fitfully by serious, earnest deeds.

One of his jests has, apparently, been reproduced by Christopher North, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is necessary to relate it in this place, or the adventure at Carrickfergus would scarcely be credited. The story

told in the "Noctes," and admirably told, is — I quote from memory — that Professor Wilson (Christopher North) caused an advertisement to be inserted in one of the Edinburgh papers to the effect that an elderly gentleman, of large means, was desirous of entering into the bonds of matrimony with a suitable partner—he, a bachelor, never having experienced the bliss of that state of life. In order that any lady who might be disposed to entertain the proposition should have an opportunity of personally viewing the candidate for connubial honours, the advertiser would seat himself, towards the "gloaming," on the morrow of the day when the advertisement appeared, at a particular spot on the Calton Hill. Christopher goes on, in richly humorous description, to describe the throng by whom he was beset, their jibes, sarcastic derision, &c.

The real adventure of the Honourable John Loftus differs in its minor accessories from the imaginary one of Professor Wilson. Loftus, I have previously remarked, was a handsome young man. That beauty was of a feminine type, stout-hearted, courageous as he in scores of instances proved himself to be. He had fine, flowing, dark brown hair, which he

was clever at arranging in female fashion. He would in other respects cleverly "make up" as an interesting young lady—or elderly lady for that matter—so cleverly that he more than once danced at the Viceregal court balls as a Miss M'Clarty, or M'Carthy of Roscommon—a distant relative of his, I apprehend—a left-handed one probably—if, indeed, there was any such person in existence, for whom he had himself procured the necessary order of admittance. Upon neither occasion was the cheat discovered by those most intimate with Cornet Loftus.

Now, Cornet Loftus had a grudge or pique against Captain Robert Brady, also an attaché of the Viceregal court. Brady was an especial favourite of the Lord-Lieutenant, who would have secretly, though not perhaps openly, resented any quarrel fastened upon him provocative of a duel, or no doubt Loftus would, in the spirit of the time, have chosen that mode of avenging himself upon Brady. He hit upon a plan of much more refined, artistic vengeance.

One of those advertisements so common now, but novelties at that time, alleged by Loftus to have appeared in a Dublin paper, set forth that a

young lady of high family, considerable personal attractions, and a fortune of thirty thousand pounds at her own disposal, was desirous of becoming the wife of a military officer *not* under the rank of captain. He must be a handsome man, not more than thirty years of age, and of ancestral descent equal to her own. Money she cared not for, having plenty for both. At such a time, on such an evening, the lady would be found at the entrance of a wood in Roxby Park, near Swords, attired in a riding dress, and with a riding whip in her hand. This was signed C. M'C.

A postscriptum added, that the candidate for her favour must wear a white rose in his button-hole. The lady would, upon recognising the sign, raise the whip in military-salute fashion; and both would then exchange more intimate courtesies, as if old acquaintances. If the officer—not below the rank of captain—this was indispensable—answered the description given, and could give unexceptionable testimonials to character—this was also indispensable—the ceremony might take place as soon as the bridegroom wished.

Into this clumsily-contrived trap poor Brady rushed at a run. He was a handsome

man, no one would deny; and as to descent, he claimed for one of his ancestors no less a personage than Brian Boirhomme himself; and he was, without doubt or question, very poor—poor to extreme indebtedness.

Cornet Loftus, who for some time had been very assiduously “making it up” with Captain Brady, and had succeeded in doing so, suddenly rushed into the gallant captain’s quarters one fine morning with a slip of printed paper in his hand, which he declared he had just cut out of a Dublin paper. The “slip” contained the two paragraphs I have quoted. As to its having been cut from a Dublin newspaper, that was an invention, like the rest. He had caused the “slip” to be printed “in confidence.”

“Captain Brady,” exclaimed Loftus,—it is the cornet himself who tells the story,—“Captain Brady, my fine fellow, fortune, an immense fortune, is in your grasp. You have but to close your hand. Read—read, captain, read. You are the angled-for—the very man. Ah, it is true, as the fellow says in the play, *some* people have greatness thrust upon them. That, I fear, will never be my case; whilst you——”

“I do not understand,” interrupted the

puzzled captain. "In what way can this absurd advertisement concern me?"

"My dear fellow, it concerns no one but you. Hear me out. Have I not heard you say that you once had the honour, not long ago, to dance at a Castle ball with Miss Charlotte M'Carthy of Roscommon; a lady——"

"Honour be——" angrily exclaimed Captain Brady. "Three times, and in quick succession, the jade trod on that corn of mine—three times, as if she knew exactly the place to pitch upon. I thought I should have fainted. The devil take Miss M'Carthy!"

"Thou pray'st not well, my noble captain. It will not be the devil, but a devilish good fellow, for all that's come and gone, that will take Miss M'Carthy; namely, your fascinating self, you lucky son of a gun."

"By the powers, Loftus, you have been drinking; and it is not quite ten yet. But perhaps it is last night's drink, not slept off."

"You have, I suppose, slept it off. It does not seem so, though; for a foggier-brained fellow I have seldom met with. Can't you understand 'C. M'C——' means Charlotte M'Carthy? and what captain besides you within a circuit of fifty miles is handsome, highly born, not

more than thirty years of age, and decidedly poor, eh? Answer me that!"

The gallant captain began to listen with both his ears. He began to dimly comprehend what his enthusiastic friend was driving at. Miss M'Carthy was a handsomish hoyden; but thirty thousand pounds!

"I had no occasion," continues Cornet Loftus, "to extra butter the bait; he swallowed it like sack and sugar, and I left him quite sure that he would be punctual to the appointment. Of course I had told him that Miss M'Carthy was for a time residing, to my knowledge, with an aunt at Swords. That was 'confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ.' I often quote plays, and without exactly knowing it at the moment. I once thought in my *very* green salad days I should like to turn player. I mean in the ordinary sense. Is not 'all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players?' The only doubt I experienced when I left that prince of conceited fops, Brady, was whether, when the curtain fell upon the decisive scene of the little comedy I had invented, it would be found I had been playing the knave or fool! I went on for knave, but in the transformation scene I might be wearing motley and the cap and bells!—an unen-

durable thing! If it should so fall out I would kick the puppy, defiant of Bedford's choler!"

There were quartered at Swords at that time six companies of Irish dragoons, the officers of which were amongst the gayest, most rollicking of those proverbially gay and rollicking spirits. With these Cornet Loftus was an especial favourite, and they were, of course, secretly apprised of the matrimonial adventure about to be engaged in by Captain Brady. Cornet Loftus did not give them his entire confidence, nor nearly. To have done so would have spoiled the fun, and marred his main purpose.

At the appointed time and place the blushing M'Carthy found herself the object of the admiration of all the dragoon officers, and all wearing white roses, in full dress. But to none did she condescend to show the sign of favouring recognition by giving the military salute with the riding-whip. All the sugared, high-flown compliments paid could not elicit a word or a smile. She was stern, silent, inexorable.

The thing was getting tiresome, no captain having appeared, and they were about returning to Swords, when the lady's eyes, which had been steadily fixed in one direction, suddenly lightened, and a bright smile parted her

lips. Captain Brady had at last put in an appearance. He was walking very slowly, as if doubtful of the propriety of his conduct in answering personally such an advertisement, and its likelihood of success. It happened from the peculiar curve of the road that the gallant captain was seen before he had glimpsed either the lady or her numerous military wooers. There being now a certainty of sport, the dragoon officers at a signal from one of them, Charles O'Reilly, the plotter's especial crony, the whole party disappeared within the wood, where, unseen themselves, they could witness the sport.

Captain Brady was most graciously received by the lady. Words breathing ardent devotion were stammeringly poured or rather gurgled forth from the gallant officer's bewitching lips. The modest acquiescence of the gratified fair one was accompanied by a soft, smiling allusion to their former meeting at the Castle ball, which must, one would suppose, have elicited a painful reminiscent twinge from Captain Brady's corn-toe. But thirty thousand pounds ! That was a salve for all sores ; and the golden goal being won, or as good as won, who can be surprised that the enraptured officer—his itching palm already closing in imagination upon the splendid fortune of his betrothed, as the

M'Carthy might now be called—should plump down on his knees, after a nervous glance around to ascertain there was no witness of the scene except the blushing bride expectant, and vowing, swearing—A guffaw of many voices interrupts him; the gallant captain leaps to his feet, and, flaming to the colour of a peony, is obliged to hear the compliments, the congratulations of the dragoon officers. They were too late, one of them said, by a few minutes, or, by the powers, the captain would not have carried off the precious prize so easily. During this rude badinage Brady looked daggers at the intrusive roysterers, who at last, tiring of chaff, went off in the direction of Swords. It was some time before their boisterous laughter died away in the distance.

Of course Captain Brady was very irate, much disturbed—who so circumstanced would not be? Never mind. "*Il rit bien qui rit dernier.*" He should have the last laugh. And so, composing his ruffled plumes as best he could, the captain renewed his billing and cooing in the most dulcet tones. He declared that her image had been ever present to him since the night of that fairy ball; and had it not been that a friend of his, Cornet Loftus, had privately informed him who C. M'C. was, he should never

have thought of coming to the enchanted spot where he now breathed the air of Paradise, &c. &c.

As to the lady's fortune, that to him was of total insignificance. Indeed, he almost wished she was entirely portionless, that he might be able to prove beyond all doubt his disinterested devotion. It is hardly credible that a man of mature years and of the world could have made such a gaby of himself, and possibly the mocking narrative of the Honourable John Loftus may be somewhat highly coloured.

"It was now my cue to speak," continues the Honourable John Loftus, in very fair English, by the way, improved by his national brogue—"It was now my cue to speak. 'That generous declaration,' said I, 'has mightily relieved me, since, to confess the truth, the thirty thousand pounds is—is a——'

"'Is a what, Miss M'Carthy?' gasped Brady, turning all the colours of a dying dolphin. 'Is a what, Miss M'Carthy?'

"'Is a dream, dear captain—an illusion. In short, I do not possess thirty thousand farthings. It is true that my aunt may, at her death, leave me a few hundreds——'

"'D—— your aunt! let me go, will you?'

"'Why, you false, perfidious man—did you not say, only a minute ago——'

“ ‘Never mind what I said ; let me go, I say.

“ ‘But I wont let you go, you false, deceitful villain. I’ll let you know what it is to insult a M’Carthy—you beggarly spalpeen !’ ”

The gallant and utterly bewildered captain found himself seized by the throat-collar with a grasp of iron, and the accursed riding-whip to be lifted by agreement in the fashion of a military salute, was laid most unmercifully across his shoulders with heartiest goodwill. Brady struggled fiercely, but could not for a time release himself from the grasp of “the female fiend,” who nearly throttled him. At last he broke away, in a frantic state, running at top speed, pursued by that dreadful Miss M’Carthy. He, at last, seemed to have dropped her, and having wiped his streaming forehead and readjusted himself generally, the crest-fallen captain walked with as much non-chalance as he could, at such short notice, assume, into the mess-room of the dragoons. He did that, probably, under a confused impression that the virago, from whom he had with such difficulty got free, would never dare to follow him there.

Error ! delusion ! unfortunate captain. He had no sooner begun to apologise for his disordered appearance, caused by a smart run

—he was fond of running—than in bounced Miss M'Carthy—flew at the wretched man, who vainly attempted effectual resistance to the athletic young rascal in whose power he had placed himself, and got unmercifully beaten; the accompaniment to which unmerciful beating was the lady's furious abuse of the poor fellow for having dared insult a M'Carthy—amid the screaming laughter of the dragoon officers. At last, the terrible fair one stayed her wearied arm, and sailed out of the mess-room, remarking that Captain Brady would not be insolent to an Irish lady of family—one of the ould stock—again in a hurry. The captain disappeared next day from Swords, and in a few days afterwards from Dublin. It was clearly impossible he could remain there. The story of his having been whipped by a lady had taken the wings of the morning, and was known all over Dublin before the flagellated captain had left Swords—that, to him, for ever memorable village. What became of him is not recorded. He vanished into space. The Honourable John Loftus was of opinion that he believed himself to have been whipped and pummelled by a young woman to the day of his death. This anecdote does not show the Honourable John

Loftus in a very favourable light. The vengeance taken, all things considered, was monstrously disproportionate to the offence.

This lively young gentleman was the chosen of the Duke of Bedford to outgeneral or outmanœuvre Thurot, the skilful and daring French sea-captain. Loftus accepted the mission, for the accomplishment of which he possessed peculiar facilities, with alacrity, and took leave of his excellency with an assurance that he would so manage matters that the English squadron should find that of France in the Bay of Carrickfergus.

The Honourable John Loftus had an intrigue with a pretty girl in the service of one John Donovan, a silversmith and jeweller of Dublin. The girl's name was Mary Rearden. John Donovan was the brother of a well-to-do farmer residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Carrickfergus. Both were arrant Jacobites, and well known to be such, although no overt act of treason could be proved against either of them. The brothers had not seen each other for years ; nor had either seen a maiden sister since they were children. This lady's domicile was somewhere in Ulster. She, like her brothers, was a Jacobite *enragé*, and it was

known to Loftus through Mary Rearden—the intrigue I have spoken of, as we shall presently see, was not a criminal one—it was known to Loftus through Mary Rearden that the sister had at last made up her mind to visit her brothers, him at Dublin first, next him living near Carrickfergus.

Other particulars, more detailed information from the same source, enabled the Honourable John Loftus to plan, mature, and carry out a very notable scheme.

Mrs. Donovan, a very nice elderly lady, with a bright complexion that did not at all harmonize with her gray locks, reached Dublin and her brother's house several days before she was expected. An excellent excuse was made. The Carrickfergus brother had been taken suddenly ill, and she, Mrs. Donovan, being desirous of seeing him, had taken Dublin *en route*, where she could only stay a few hours. John Donovan was pleased to see his sister, very pleased, and feeling anxious for his brother and his niece Anne, that brother's daughter, who might be left destitute by her father's death, he gave his sister a letter to James, assuring him of his sympathy, and also that he had whispered in her ear certain matters which it was of importance should be

communicated to the "Liberators." Loftus had succeeded beyond his hopes. A scrap of introduction was all he had hoped for, but the letter would at once give him the political confidence of James Donovan. That was very important.

Loftus started at once for Carrickfergus in his cornet's uniform, with the makeup of an elderly dame packed away in a valise or knapsack. Arrived within a not very great distance from Carrickfergus, he exchanged his man's for woman's apparel, hired a vehicle of some kind, and was driven to the abode of James Donovan. He was most cordially received; the daughter was delighted to see her aunt, embracing her over and over again, a demonstration "which I quietly checked, as it might lead to dangerous consequences." Miss Donovan was a remarkably pretty girl.

Cornet Loftus could not, besides, trifle with time. He found that Thurot, alarmed by rumours of the rapid advance of a large English force, and that a British squadron would soon make its appearance in the bay, was, after granting highly favourable terms to Colonel Jennings, working with hot haste to get his troops, &c., on board, and be off with the least possible delay. This precipitation would

greatly impair the efficiency of his ships, two of the frigates being under repair, and the squadron not half victualled.

If Loftus was to prove worth his salt, he must check that precipitate flight. Twelve hours' delay, less than that, would insure the destruction of the French armament, signally avenge the outrage to British pride of a successful invasion of Ireland, in a small way, no doubt, by a contemptible French force, relatively considered, after the defeat of Conflans had seemed to render such an event of impossible occurrence.

James Donovan was in immediate communication with Captain Thurot, who thoroughly trusted him. The French commander knew him to be in communication with the principal Jacobites of Ireland, and on more than one occasion had proved the trustworthiness of intelligence obtained by his agency. Loftus assured Donovan, as from his Dublin brother, that the troops assembling for the relief of Carrickfergus could not reach that place in less than four days at earliest, and that the ships about to be despatched by the Duke of Bedford—only one of which had arrived in Dublin Bay—could not, be wind and weather ever so favourable, make their appearance off Carrick-

fergus in less than that time. Donovan hastened off with the news to Thurot. The French commander did not, perhaps, attach implicit confidence to the report, but it so far influenced him that he did not hurry his preparations for departure with such impatience as before. More than twelve hours would be gained. Loftus felt satisfied of that, and that he himself should be handsomely rewarded for so signal a service, by his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

There was an under-play going on in the Donovan household, the full details of which Loftus in his character of Aunt was speedily made acquainted with by her woe-stricken, sobbing niece, the charming Mary. Her father, feeling that he was too deeply compromised to remain in Ireland—that if he did so, an often-recurring imaginative halter tightening unpleasantly round his throat might become a terrible reality—had determined to depart with Thurot. To that end he had converted into cash everything he possessed of marketable value. His daughter was to go with him, and worse than even that in the damsel's estimation was to become the wife, before embarkation, of a Lieutenant De Poncy—a man whom she greatly disliked, and who was

old enough to be her father. That dislike had been within a few days intensified to abhorrence—one Charles Sullivan, an old sweetheart, who had been for many months absent from that part of the country, having returned, and at their first stolen interview renewed his vows of attachment and constancy—vows supplemented by the agreeable fact that he had succeeded to a considerable property in the West of Ireland, of which it was his soul's desire to make her mistress. But Sullivan was not only a Protestant, but notoriously loyal to the house of Hanover; and Donovan père consequently hated him with an absolute hatred. Donovan was not in other respects a harsh father. The niece poured her sorrows into the sympathizing bosom of her aunt, who bade her be of good cheer, as she would not fail to work out her deliverance, jealously as she was watched and guarded. She was enjoined to believe in her aunt's sincerity, notwithstanding she might appear to coincide with the father's views, and favour the pretensions of Lieutenant De Poncy.

Commodore Thurot will delay no longer. The air is thick with rumours of the swift approach of British land and sea forces. Thurot has

dallied with the time, and must not lose another moment. He resolves to sail soon after dawn on the morrow. Donovan's effects—portable effects—are on board the flag-frigate. Donovan himself goes aboard just as the first rays of light pencil themselves upon the eastern horizon.

His daughter will quickly follow. Lieutenant De Poncy is in waiting at the house to escort her to the boat; he has a French seaman with him. They will stand no nonsense; the damsel's tears, prayers, expostulations, will not avail her. Her lot is cast irrevocably; her doom sealed. The aunt is with her, but even if she could be melted by the tenderness of tears, *her* sympathy would practically avail nothing.

A mistake! as M. le Lieutenant De Poncy found to his cost.

“ ‘*Allons!*’ exclaimed the lieutenant, addressing the mourning bride (I am quoting just literally from Loftus). ‘*Allons!* we must be gone. The squadron will lift anchor in less than a quarter of an hour. We shall be the last to leave this *maudit* shore.’

“ ‘It was of your own choice you came to this “cursed” shore,’ said the aunt; ‘though not,

perhaps, quite of your own will that you go away.'

"The Frenchman stared at me. Then he said, '*Bonne femme*, be pleased to speak in a more polite, respectful tone when addressing me. Now then, mademoiselle; come with me at once. I do not wish to use force without necessity, having your father's sanction and authority.'

"*Boom!* The report of a heavy gun shook the air.

"'It is the signal for departure,' exclaimed the French lieutenant, excitedly. '*Nom de Dieu!* we shall be left behind. Here, Jacques,' he added, calling to the French sailor,—'Here, Jacques, help me to master and bind this young lady, who refuses to obey her father's commands!'

"Poor Mary Donovan was in despair, and looked at me with an expression so piteous, so reproachful, that knowing as I did there could be but little doubt of her successful rescue, the French having all embarked except the enamoured lieutenant and his man, I burst into a fit—an immoderate fit of laughter. I cannot account for it, but I am generally affected with spasmodic bursts of merriment when excited and about to engage in some exploit out of the common mode. It was so then. Mary Donovan stared at me through her fast-

falling tears. The lieutenant stared also, and there was a certain expression of doubt and surprise. He detected, I fancy—for I had dropped the female falsetto—the ring of a man's voice in the few words I uttered.

“‘Let that young lady alone!’ I exclaimed in my own natural voice, pitched in its fiercest key—‘let that young lady alone! Do you hear me?’ (I spoke in French.) ‘Diable!’ said the Frenchman, ‘what does the old lady mean?’ ‘I mean this,’ said I, suddenly drawing forth a pistol. The lieutenant started. ‘Diable!’ was repeated in a less jeering tone—‘diable!’ ‘Go away, lieutenant,’ I said; ‘get on board your ship before she weighs anchor. This jeune demoiselle remains with her aunt.’ ‘*Sacré tonnerre!*’ exclaimed the lieutenant, ‘do you think I am to be balked by a cursed old woman?’ His sabre was out in a twinkling, and he rushed at me. He meant, I dare say, only to disarm me, unless he suspected, guessed, or imagined I was a man disguised in female attire. My pistol-bullet was swifter than his sabre-stroke. He fell with a scream prone upon the floor—dead! The sailor went off with all sails set.”

The Honourable John Loftus gave Mary
VOL. I. 20

Donovan into the safe keeping of Sullivan, and had the honour of being best man to the bridegroom. He had also been entirely successful in his political mission. Thurot's delay, though but for a few hours only, in the Bay of Carrickfergus, was fatal to him. The English squadron overtook and captured the French ships, after a severe fight, in which the gallant Thurot was killed.

Cornet Loftus was a "bright particular star" at the Viceregal Court for some months after his Carrickfergus exploit, and won so much upon the favour of a ducal family that he would have been accepted as a suitor to his grace's niece. She was neither young nor handsome—far from being so; but the Duke promised a dowry of ten thousand pounds. "It was a tempting bait," remarks Loftus; "but I had courage and virtue to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' I had conceived a fervid attachment to Mary Rearden. Not mere boyish passion—straw on fire. So I turned my back on the Duke's niece, and married Mary. The union was kept secret for a while, as his excellency had more than half promised to obtain me a good appointment. I took lodgings for my wife at the village of Howth.

It was not very long before it was whispered about that Cornet Loftus had married a serving girl. The Duke sent for and questioned me. I did not deny the fact. Being brought to bay, I faced the matter boldly out, and gloried in what I had done. His grace was indignant; I insolent—my blood being up. We parted in extreme wrath.

“I had but a few shillings over twenty guineas,—that was all my worldly wealth. I tried friends, but might as well have attempted to reap the wind. So, after much dubitation, I and Mary hit upon the scheme which has given us so much notoriety. She sang well, especially in part music, having a fine natural ear. So we started off upon an itinerant tour—dressed in the extreme of fashion, both of us. I gave out, at every town we came to, that we were playing at wandering minstrels for a large wager. That is to say, I hinted it mysteriously to the landlords or landladies of hotels and taverns. We had to make up a great sum in a given time. The success was great. People believed me to be a lord, my wife a lady. I played, she played; and both sang very well. No one presumed to offer us less than a silver piece; and sometimes gold was tossed to us. My wife’s beauty had much

to do with it. We made money fast—passed over to England, where we made it much faster. I had two children—flowers of Paradise; and had saved a large sum, when an advertisement appeared in the Irish and English journals, stating if John Loftus, who formerly resided at Carrickfergus (I had sold my cornetcy), would call or communicate with Messrs. B——, Merrion-square, Dublin, he would hear of something to his advantage.”

The Honourable John Loftus did communicate without delay; and the result was that his wayward, wandering life ended in his settling down at a place called Chevers, in the County Galway, Ireland—an estated gentleman. His descendants still, I understand, inhabit the fine old mansion bequeathed by the will of the Earl of ——; and one gentleman, a member of the present Parliament, and a relative of his, I suppose, in a left-handed way, only the names are totally dissimilar, exhibits eccentricities which go far to prove that oddness or eccentricity of character, though differing in type and fashion, runs in the blood of the family.

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